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WHAT ONE THOUSAND STUDENT ESSAYS REVEALED

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IN education, as in everything else, there is change, and the emphasis is shifted from time to time; in one period the emphasis was on subject matter, in another period it was on teaching methods, and so forth. The present emphasis in education—at least on the part of those engaged in educational research—may be termed objectivity. There is a determination to get out of the realm of opinion into the realm of fact; there is, for example, a determination to cease including subjects in the curriculum just because older persons *suppose* those subjects are good for students and, instead, to ascertain by direct, controlled observation, experimentation and measurement what the results of the study of those subjects are, and to determine on the basis of results whether those subjects should be included in the curriculum. A great many carefully controlled experiments have been carried out, and as a result there have been changes in such matters as curriculum, teaching method, length of periods, and location and arrangement of classrooms.

The writer made his first venture in the field of educational research in connection with graduate study he

carried on last year in the School of Education of the University of Pittsburgh. The work done had in it many flaws, as is likely to be the case in first efforts in a new field, yet a brief account of it may be of some interest in that it indicates a method that is being used to improve teaching and learning, and, more particularly, in that students of Ewing Christian College furnished the material that made the study possible. Its subject was, "A study of Composition and Grammar Needs in Ewing Christian College," and it was based on one thousand essays written by Ewing Christian College students in December, 1931 and January, 1932. Perhaps some who read this article wrote essays that travelled by mail to the United States, there to be carefully read and analysed!

Any one who teaches English in India knows that students make many mistakes in grammar and idiom and spelling. The purpose of this study was to learn definitely how many errors of each type were made in the thousand essays, so that more time could be devoted in teaching to those features of grammar and composition that give most difficulty to students rather than to distribute the time and emphasis more or less evenly over the entire field, without reference to the points at which students are weakest. For the purpose of the study sixteen classes of errors were listed, and each class was again sub-divided into as many types of errors as violations of grammatical rules dictated. Thus there were in all 226 types of errors in the list, and in the thousand essays all but 51 of the types of errors were found. If the number of essays had been larger and the range of subjects wider, probably all 226 types of errors would have been found. The classes of errors and the number of types of errors under each class were as follows:—

1. Capitalization, 15 types of errors.
2. Punctuation, 36 types of errors.
3. Nouns, 37 types of errors.
4. Pronouns, 30 types of errors.
5. Adjectives, 21 types of errors.
6. Adverbs, 15 types of errors.
7. Conjunctions, 16 types of errors.

8. Prepositions, 11 types of errors.
9. Verbs, 30 types of errors.
10. Sentence structure, 9 types of errors.
11. Miscellaneous usages, 11 types of errors.
12. Spelling.
13. Confused word order.
14. Number usage.
15. Needless repetition.
16. Use of unauthorized or inappropriate words.

The essays were written, under the supervision of instructors, during regular class periods. The original intention was to have each student of the two intermediate classes write three essays, which would have made a total of something over twelve hundred essays, but absences and other factors prevented this plan from being carried through completely. However, the majority of the students wrote three essays, one of which was narrative, one descriptive, and one reflective. Students were permitted to choose their own subjects, or, if they desired, to select from a list of suggested subjects, and were urged to express themselves as fully and accurately as they could. It was felt that thus a fair sampling of the written English of the students would be obtained. The essays averaged about 275 words in length.

The procedure in dealing with the essays was as follows: each type of error was given a designation; for example, violations of the rule that proper nouns should begin with capital letters were labelled "C1", violations of the requirement that the first word of every sentence must begin with a capital were labelled "C2", and so forth. As the essays were read, the designations were entered as required, and later tabulations were made on cards.

The total number of errors checked in the essays was 18,796, or approximately nineteen to an essay, or one error in every fourteen words used. The total number of errors of each class, and the percentage the errors of that class were of the total number of errors, can be noted in the following table:—

Classification of usage errors.			Number of errors.	Percentage of errors.
1.	Capitalization	...	576	3.1
2.	Punctuation	...	2,675	14.2
3.	Noun usage	...	315	1.7
4.	Pronoun usage	...	548	2.9
5.	Adjective usage	2,617	13.9
6.	Adverb usage	...	376	2.0
7.	Conjunction usage	...	587	3.1
8.	Preposition usage	...	2,230	11.9
9.	Verb usage	...	1,774	9.4
10.	Sentence usage	...	313	1.7
11.	Miscellaneous usages	...	3,037	16.1
12.	Spelling	...	3,044	16.2
13.	Confused word order	...	135	.7
14.	Number usage	...	497	2.7
15.	Needless repetition	...	38	.2
16.	Unauthorized or inappropriate words.	...	34	.2
Totals ...			18,796	100.0

Lack of space prevents the presentation of tables showing the number of errors of each type under the various classes. All that can be done in this review is to call attention to some of the most frequent errors and to make some observations and suggestions, and this will be done for some, but not all, of the classes of errors.

Capitalization.—More than half (59.3 per cent.) of the errors in this class were the insertion of capitals where they were not required. So far as the writer can judge the explanation is that, when students who have not had to use capitals at all in their mother-tongues find that capitals are required in English, they use capitals indiscriminately. The following are examples from the essays of the wrong insertion of capitals (the wrong capitals are *italicized*): (1) There are Theatres, Cinemas and Circuses; (2) In spite of the Fact that there is suffering. . . (3) The Late Pandit Motilal Nehru. . . Students and teachers together should work toward the breaking of this habit of using capitals promiscuously.

Punctuation.—Here 62·8 per cent. of the errors were in the use of the comma, and here, too, there was lack of discrimination, commas frequently being inserted where they were not needed. After reading the thousand essays one has the impression that many students think it is a good thing on general principle to use a comma after every six or eight words, and they do so without regard to the fact that the purpose of punctuation is to enable the reader to understand more quickly and easily than would otherwise be possible the meaning of the writer. Ten per cent. of the punctuation errors were in the use of the hyphen: when to use it and when not to use it seems to be an enigma to students. Emphasis for a short time on this phase of punctuation would probably wipe out this deficiency, as this is not a very difficult matter.

Pronouns.—To summarize, 53 per cent. of the errors had to do with the personal pronoun, 14 per cent. had to do with confusion of gender and person of pronouns, 13 per cent. had to do with relative pronouns, 10 per cent. had to do with possessive pronouns, 6 per cent. had to do with indefinite pronouns, and the remaining 4 per cent. had to do with demonstrative and other pronoun usages. One-third of the errors in the use of pronouns was in the use of personal pronouns as subjects or objects of verbs.

Adjectives.—The fact that almost one-seventh (13·9 per cent.) of all errors in the essays was in adjective usage is directly attributable to the difficulty students have with the article. Ninety-two per cent. (2,421 out of 26,170) of the errors in the use of adjectives were either omission of the article, wrong insertion of the article or failure to distinguish properly between the definite and the indefinite article. A professor who taught for many years in the Punjab said, "If a student can use the English article correctly, give him his M. A. without any further examination." By that statement he meant that the proper use of the article is so difficult for Indian students to acquire that their having a command of the article may be taken as an indication that they are well versed in correct English usage.

Conjunctions.—Omission of the conjunction, separating by commas clauses not joined by pure conjunctions, confusion of additive and adversative conjunctions, and failure

to avoid illogical and excessive co-ordination by the use of subordinating conjunctions were the source of 78 per cent. of the errors in conjunction usage. Due probably to the use in Hindi and Urdu of conjunctions in pairs in complex sentences, many students have a tendency to pair conjunctions wrongly in English, for example, "Although I did not want to go, *but* I had to go."

Prepositions.—Three factors—the choice of wrong prepositions, the insertion of prepositions where they were not required, and the omission of prepositions where they were required—were responsible for 95.5 per cent. of the errors of this class. Many of these improper uses of prepositions are habits that have become firmly implanted, for example, the familiar "I am (have been) sick *since* four days," and it will take deliberate and sustained effort on the part of students to break the old habit and form the habit of saying, "I have been sick for four days."

Verbs.—Sequence of tenses and agreement of verbs with their subjects in person and number were the source of 54.5 per cent. of the errors in the use of verbs, with omission of the verb, confusion of active and passive voice, and the use of a gerund for an infinitive contributing most of the remaining errors.

Miscellaneous usages.—In this classification the following were included: (1) various uses of "as"; (2) uniformity of person, number and gender; (3) the use of "etc." preceded by "and"; (4) recognition of case; (5) faulty placing of phrases; (6) spelling out certain numerals; (7) the use of "this" at the beginning of a sentence; (8) avoiding abbreviations; (9) recognition of parts of speech; (10) the use of "all the" preceding a statement of comparison; and (11) wrong synonyms, antonyms and idioms. The most frequent errors were in the use of synonyms, antonyms and idioms, failure to avoid abbreviations, and failure to write out numerals.

Spelling.—A problem is presented to both student and teacher by the fact that more mistakes were made in spelling (3,044 out of the total of 18,796) than in any other class of errors. It has been supposed that little time needs to be devoted to spelling in the intermediate classes, but facts are facts, and if the thousand essays under consideration are a fair indication of the condition that exists, a good deal of

attention needs to be devoted to spelling. Part of the difficulty with spelling is undoubtedly due to the irregularity of the English language, but part of it is also due to failure to let the eyes and the ears help in this matter. If students were to exercise greater care in getting correct retinal and auditory images of words, their spelling would improve; what is meant is that to see a word correctly spelled on the printed page and to hear it correctly pronounced are aids to correct spelling of which most students have not taken full advantage. The word "magnificent" is an illustration: about eight out of ten students spell it "magnificent" and the reason apparently is that they have so seen and heard the word that their mental picture is "mag-ni-fi-shent" instead of "mag-ni-fi-cent", the "c" having the sound of "s." Although many words, and among them some in common use, are not spelled regularly, the majority of English words do follow regular rules, and if one hears them correctly, one ought to spell them correctly. Let the eye and the ear come to the assistance of the memory in spelling.

The study of the thousand essays confirmed the impression gained from classroom work and from conversations with students that most students, even when they are speaking or writing English, think in their mother-tongue. That is, perhaps, natural, but it is not inevitable. Real joy and fluency in the use of any language can come only as one employs the thought forms of the language, and students who wish to master English should strive earnestly to *think* in English. A construction or an idiom that is good Hindi or Urdu may be very bad English, or vice versa, and many of the mistakes students make in English arise from the fact that they first *think* in their mother-tongue and then *translate literally* into English. An amusing example occurred a few weeks ago in an application for leave: the student wrote, "Kindly excuse my absence, as my grandmother died *tomorrow*." That mistake is almost certainly to be explained by the fact that the student did his thinking in Hindustani before attempting to write English: "kal" means "yesterday" or "tomorrow" as the context may dictate, and the student chose the wrong English word. In the essays there were many indications of Hindustani thinking translated into English writing. In Hindi and Urdu a possessive pronoun agrees in gender with the noun with which it is used, whereas in English the gender of a

possessive pronoun is determined by its antecedent. But because students were thinking in Hindustani, they wrote, in telling about Annie Lee and Enoch Arden, "She loved *his* husband." Another example is the familiar student expression, already referred to, "I am sick since four days." It is good Hindi or Urdu to say, "Main char din se bimar hun," but it is bad English to say, "I am sick since four days," for in English duration of time is expressed by the preposition "for", and the correct English idiom is, "I have been sick for four days." Examples of mistakes due to thinking in the mother-tongue before writing in English could be multiplied indefinitely, but those quoted will suffice to indicate the great gain it would be to students if they were to learn to *think* in English.

Closely linked with thinking in English is another important matter that is difficult to set forth briefly and clearly, namely, an understanding of the underlying structure of the English language. Every language has its peculiarities of structure, and the person who has "got hold of" the principles on which a language is built and the peculiarities of its structure has gone a long way toward mastery of that language.

In concluding this review the writer wishes to urge on students two things:

(1) Make the goal of your writing quality rather than quantity. Strive for correctness of expression, accuracy of thought and forcefulness of presentation. It is much better to write one page characterized by correctness, accuracy and forcefulness than to write three or four pages characterized by errors in grammar and idiom, loose thinking and lack of interest. Students need constantly to remind themselves that they are to be heard (and read—and marked!) not as much for their "much speaking" (and writing) as for the quality of what they speak or write.

(2) Have as much as possible of what you write corrected, and take careful note of the corrections, for it is thus you can overcome your faults of grammar, idiom, thought and style. If, as is to be hoped, you are doing practice writing in addition to assignments made in class, ask some member of the English staff to read and correct what you write.

A STUDY OF "A DOLL'S HOUSE"

THIS book—"A Doll's House"—by the great author IBSEN is one of the most fascinating and didactic social dramas of the nineteenth century. In this realistic play IBSEN has endeavoured to depict most vividly the status of women during that period. The play deals with the awakening of the sense of individual responsibility on the part of a woman who has been always treated as a mere doll. Really it abounds in the author's enthusiastic advocacy of a woman's right to the development of her own individuality.

The men and women of this drama have characters of their own. The heroine of this play is Nora, endowed with various traits of head and heart. Besides many other good qualities, she combines in her the activities of a loving and devoted wife, an affectionate mother, and a true friend. She is the "little lark" and the pretty "squirrel" of her husband, Helmer. She is so devoted to her husband that at the critical juncture of his serious illness, she borrows a sum of money without the knowledge of Helmer, who does not like to run into debt. She does this only to save his life, as poverty stares them in the face at this time. She loves her children in the most spontaneous way. She never gets tired of her play of hide and seek with her little young ones. She crawls forward and pretends to scare them. What fun! Romping and frisking and gambolling fill the drawing room with consternation. Her tender affection for Mrs. Linde is beyond description. It is Nora who somehow or other manages to secure employment for Mr. Linde in the bank of Helmer.

But in spite of all this, she is a bit garrulous, saucy, wayward and shrewd. At the news of her husband's managership in the bank, she is overjoyed. Her tremendous felicity leads her to talk in a most wilful manner with Mrs. Linde. She is so much elated that she cannot refrain from saying: "Christine! It will be splendid to have heaps of money and not to need to have any anxiety; won't it?" She is so puffed up at her sudden advancement that she does not talk warmly with the subordinates of her husband. In a way she tries her level best to dominate them. Moreover, she is nothing short of a coquette. She appears to assume an air of supreme importance on account of her beauty, attire and dancing. She is so shrewd that

on certain occasions she is successful in dissembling her thoughts. She delays a great deal opening the letter box, containing a complaint lodged against her. She does not allow her husband to open the letter box himself in her presence.

But all this is a mere trifle when set against her various dazzling qualities. Her dexterity and cleverness are upright and above board, though there is visible a tinge of forgery in the bond. She somehow or other contrives to sign the name of her father to the bond in order to save Helmer. But as soon as she realizes her real position in her husband's house, she leaves him once for all in order to develop her individuality. Thus we see that Nora bears away the palm in the struggle for her individual emancipation.

Next come Helmer, Mrs. Linde, Dr. Rank, and Nils Krogstad. They manifest their natural qualities according to their merit. Helmer shows himself a good and loving husband. He loves Nora to the highest pitch, so much so that at her request he employs her friend, Mrs. Linde, in his bank. He always shows his boundless love and affection to his bonnie "song bird". He is stunned at Nora's abrupt overture to leave him.

Mrs. Linde, though a friend of Nora, in the long run falls in love with an immoral, irresponsible man like Nils.

Dr. Rank is the bosom friend of Nora and Helmer. Their friendship is strong and firm. Dr. Rank does much to promote the felicity of the happy couple.

Now, after going through this play and visualizing its theme, we may arrive at the conclusion that IBSSEN was really a great seer. Though he finished this play without pointing out any way for the general emancipation of womanhood, yet the present individual responsibility and personal development of women is the fruit of this very play. It is due to this very play that even in India ladies like Mrs. Shrivastava and others aspire and fight tooth and nail for their individual and social development and emancipation. What are we to say of the ladies of European countries? They are advancing by leaps and bounds. If this condition persists for some years, I am sure that women will take precedence over men.

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LEONARDO DA VINCI

(1452—1519)

IN the following lines some account is given of the life of a great man who was a genius in art and a pioneer of science. It is very difficult for a man to be perfect in both things, but Leonardo Da Vinci was certainly one who excelled in art and science. He was a painter, sculptor, architect, musician, mechanic, engineer and natural philosopher, all at the same time.

Leonardo was born in 1452 at Vinci, a fortified village, between Pisa and Florence. His father—Piero—was a lawyer. Piero was married four times and had nine sons and two daughters. Leo was not a lawful son. He was brought up at Florence. His favourite pursuits were music, drawing and modeling. His father showed some of his drawings to Verrocchio who was a first rate craftsman, goldsmith, sculptor, painter and particularly a distinguished teacher. Verrocchio liked his drawings very much and found in him a pupil who would bring fame to his name.

Leonardo studied under his teacher upto 1477. His contemporaries were Botlicelli, Pietro Perugino and others.

He was the first painter to recognize the play of light and shade. Strange shapes of hills and rocks, rare plants and animals, unusual faces and figures of men and women, beautiful or otherwise, far-fetched objects and curiosities were the things he loved to keep in memory. He did not stop merely at appearances but tried to probe deeper. He sent people into fits of laughter that he might observe their physiognomies; birds were set free from cages that he might examine expressions on the faces of passers-by. Sometimes he was seen standing in the market, at other times he was seen walking in the lanes. All this he did for the sake of observing everything himself and he never took anything for granted. His drawings were full of life. These were so attractive, significant and so accurately drawn and the expressions were so beautifully united that no draughtsman was able to produce their equal before.

In 1483, Leonardo offered his services to Lodovico Moro, Duke of Milan. In his letter he recommended himself as an inventor of engines of war, a builder of movable bridges and chariots, an engineer skilled in the science of artillery and sieges. He made plans for reconstructing Milan and he beautified *Castello*.

Leonardo worked for seventeen years at a statue of *Francesco Sforza*, the father of the duke. The plaster model of the horse, without the rider, was shown in 1493. It was twenty-six feet high and it was placed in the courtyard of the *Castello*. When, in 1500, the Duke of Milan was taken prisoner by Lois XII, the statue was destroyed by the Gescon archers.

In 1487 when Duke Grian Galeazzo was married to Isabella, Leonardo built a bathing pavilion of unheard of beauty and ingenuity for the duchess. A cathedral was also built at Pavia under his supervision. Now, no trace remains of his other works in sculpture, which were not numerous.

The paintings by Leonardo comprise four masterpieces of the highest rank, three of which are at the Louvre.

The *Last Supper* is painted on the wall of the refectory at Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan (1497). It shows with what deep attention to the underlying thought Leonardo grouped his figures. All are seated on the three sides of a table leaving the side to the observer blank. Jesus is sitting in the middle and supper is served on the table. He has just said: "One of you shall betray Me," and He bows His head, as if to the blast of emotion. He has evoked. It is not only a great work of art, but a page of the profoundest psychology, a study of character and feeling, translated at once by the expressions of the faces, the gestures, and the attitudes.

The changes of weather have caused flaking and scaling on the wall. Great attempts were made to repaint it, but all was in vain. Even the other paintings with the *Last Supper* are almost in a state of ruin. Modern restorers are not responsible for this. Leonardo did nothing with simplicity. His oil painting was complicated, and no one has been able to prepare such paint.

The famous portrait of *Monna Lisa Gioconda*, executed from 1502 to 1506, is another masterpiece. By the middle of the sixteenth century the painting was accepted in Italy as an inimitable masterpiece of the art of portraiture, the

greatest effort of the painter setting himself to compete with Nature. Leonardo worked at it for four years and to call up the sweet and smiling expression on his sitter's face, he caused her to be entertained with music and other diversions. The painting was bought by Francis I for four thousand gold florins.

His other two masterpieces are the *Virgin Among the Rocks*, painted about 1483, and the *Virgin with St. Anne*, painted about 1502. These paintings suffice to give the measure of his genius. His other pictures at Florence and in the Vatican, *The Adoration of the Magi* and *St. Jerome*, are unfinished. Others ascribed to him have been very much repainted.

In May 1502 he took service as Chief Engineer in Duke Cæsar's government—Central Italy. He undertook new engineering works for improving irrigation and water-ways. He made projects in mechanics, hydraulics and architecture.

In 1504 he was called home on account of the death of his father. For seven years he was entangled in law disputes with his brothers. But Leonardo was the sufferer from aggression. He could not get anything from them and returned to Milan.

Leonardo also visited Rome. The Pope was much pleased with him. Leonardo spent his last three years at the Castle of Cloux near Amboise. He tried to get some order and to accumulate his papers which were the work of forty years. He handed over his manuscripts to Melzi, his servant. Melzi did not care for the papers and so they were lost. Had Leonardo given those papers to somebody else they would have been useful to mankind in general and to all those enquirers in particular who have been striving to understand the laws and theories which Leonardo was able to understand.

Leonardo, the man who was the master of painting and sculpture, mechanics and hydraulics and who learned mathematics, geology, geography, cosmology, anatomy and the sciences of life, died in the castle in the year of 1519.

GURDIAL SINGH BERAR,
1st Year Science.

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1. APPOLLO, by S. Reinock.
2. ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BRITANNICA.

WOOSTER AND ALLAHABAD

J. M. VANCE.

IN the state of Ohio in America, fifty miles south of Cleveland there is a small city of 10,000 inhabitants where two educational institutions are located. The name of the city is Wooster and the two institutions are the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station and the College of Wooster. Here in India at Allahabad, one of the capitals of the United Provinces, a city of 180,000, there is a University, a number of Intermediate colleges and an Agricultural Institute, now affiliated also with the University for B. Sc. Agriculture.

For many decades, the College of Wooster has stimulated her students to think in world terms and to take a definite interest in the social, educational and religious conditions of other nations. Graduates of Wooster are found today in Germany, France, England, Scotland, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Central Africa, Arabia, Persia, India, Burma, Siam, the Philippine Islands, China, Korea and Japan.

This may be thought of as a great international fellowship of good will. Wooster believes that if members of different nations come to understand each other better, they can exchange ideas and become mutually helpful in bringing about better relations between the nations of the world, and if the world is to make progress, they can make it together.

In India, Wooster alumni can be found in the hospitals of Mirag and Kolhapur in West India, in the colleges of Lahore and Allahabad and in some other cities and villages of the Punjab and United Provinces.

There are about eight Wooster alumni in Forman Christian College at Lahore including its Vice-Principal Dr. Edmund Lucas. In Ewing Christian College at Allahabad, Principal and Mrs. Rice and Dr. and Mrs. Forman are all alumni of Wooster. Mr. Wm. McAfee graduated from Wooster in

June 1932. Several of the Board of Directors of Ewing Christian College are Wooster alumni. These include Rev. Alfred W. Moore of Shikohabad and Rev. John Wallace of Mainpuri.

Several years ago, a Wooster alumni Dr. Arthur Compton who has been awarded the Noble Prize in Physics, a great international distinction, paid a visit of a few months to the Forman Christian College in Lahore and the University of the Punjab. During the past summer, when Dr. Compton was organizing a large number of expeditions all over the world to make scientific observations about cosmic rays, he arranged with Professor Benade of Forman to take charge of the expeditions in India and Java. Our own Professor Sharma, of the department of Physics, was invited to become a member of the India expedition. This is also an illustration of the world fellowship that is being established. [Dr. Arthur Compton is a brother of Mrs. Rice.]

Exchange of teachers and students between educational institutions of different countries is one of the means which is being used today to promote world fellowship and understanding.

Many such exchanges are being made between Europe and America today. May we not begin to think of relations between India and America also in these terms. In fact a beginning has already been made. Some such exchanges have already taken place; the writer and Mrs. Vance are spending their furlough year from Wooster as members of the Ewing College Staff. One of the students in Ewing Christian College has recently expressed a similar thought. He has suggested that some students here in Allahabad might begin a correspondence with students in Wooster. Such an exchange of letters might help to strengthen the bonds of friendship between Allahabad and Wooster. Long live Wooster and Allahabad and may their relations of friendship increase and deepen. (इलाहाबाद-उस्टर की जै)

WILHELM KONRAD RONTGEN—THE DISCOVERER OF THE X-RAYS.

PROFESSOR WILHELM KONRAD RONTGEN, discovered rays that could pass through all solid substances (though more readily through some than through others). These had a frequency greater and wavelength shorter than the rays of violet light. (Violet light—wavelength = $\frac{1}{80000}$ of an inch and frequency = one thousand billion vibrations per second.) As he was unable to decide their nature, he termed them "X-rays".

W. K. Rontgen was born on the 23rd March, 1846, at Lennep, in Rhennish Prussia. He belongs to the nation "so justly famous for the untiring patience, devotion to duty and culture of its people" i.e., Germany itself. Having sufficiently advanced his primary education, young Rontgen was sent to the University of Utrecht, in Holland; and Utrecht has long stood very high as a centre of education. In the University Rontgen was one of over 800 students being trained for service in many walks of life. Yet the education he could obtain there, though thorough and extensive, was not sufficient for him; and he was sent to Zurich, "the Athens of Switzerland," as it has been called, because of its people's culture and educational zeal. Like Utrecht, Zurich is a busy manufacturing city as well.

Here Rontgen studied till 1869, taking in that year his Doctorate. During his educational course he had been keenly interested in the problems of Physics and Electricity, and he did a vast amount of valuable work in those branches of Science, though to the world, in general, he is known particularly as the discoverer of the "X-rays". From his appearance of a tall thin man, with a bushy beard and pale thoughtful face he was taken only as one of the many students of the University. Only when he spoke earnestly on a subject that interested him, did he seem above the ordinary run of men.

After leaving Zurich, his life is only a record of hard unceasing labour as a teacher and experimentalist. He was assistant to the professor of Physics at Wurzburg and Strasbourg for some time. In 1875 he was appointed Professor of

Mathematics and Physics at the Agricultural Academy of Hohenheim. In 1876, he was appointed as a Professor at the University of Strasburg. It is a remarkable coincidence, that Louis Pastuer, the great bacteriologist and Rontgen were professors at the same University, though at different periods of time. For about three years Rontgen lectured at Strasburg.

Then he was appointed Professor of Physics and Director of the Physical Institute in Giessen. Here again, Rontgen had the inspiration that he was working where notable work had been done; for, here it was that Liebig founded his school of Chemistry. In 1885, he was appointed Professor of Physics at Wurzburg. In 1895, came his supreme discovery that has placed him in the same rank as Simpson, Pastuer and Lister. Now he was 50 years of age; nearly 40 years of arduous study were spent, before he got his reward of finding out a thing, which not only rendered him famous, but has benefited enormously his fellow-creatures. Now about his discovery.

If wires ending in small metal knobs are attached to the poles of a battery and the knobs brought within a short distance of each other, on switching in an electric current sparks result between the gap. They show that the electric current is jumping across the gap to complete its circuit. If the knobs are placed in a vacuum where the pressure has been reduced to about $1/1500$ of that of the air outside, a thin veil of light is seen round the 'cathode'. This rosy coloured column of light is found broken up into disc-shaped partitions and is followed by a dark space, then a slight glow, then another dark space and lastly a bright glow reaching the 'anode'. Hertz, by reducing the pressure still more produced the so-called "Cathode Rays". These rays were extensively studied by Sir William Crookes who died only in 1919 in London. On one occasion, he even returned to the makers some photographic plates that on development proved to be fogged, and the makers replaced them with profuse apologies, little dreaming that they were the first "X-ray" photographs ever produced. Sir William Crookes invented the "Crookes' Tube" for the production of the "Cathode rays".

Rontgen was engaged in the study of these "Cathode rays", when (in 1895) he discovered, emanating from his

"Crookes' tube" other till then invisible rays, possessing an astonishing power of penetration. Once he was "pottering about" (as Sir Oliver Lodge puts it) with a vacuum tube wrapped in black paper. About 3 yards away was a screen of Barium platinocyanide, one of those substances that are made phosphorescent by "Cathode rays". To Rontgen's surprise the screen began to glow, and he found that when he switched off the current in the tube the glow stopped. Another time he covered with very thick covering, but a sensitized paper lying near continued to glow. Nothing could prevent it from glowing. At last he placed his very hand between the tube and the plate: but what did he find?—the most wonderful and the strangest photograph he had ever seen. It showed the skeleton of his hand in dark shadow with the much lighter shadow of the flesh showing round the bones. The rays had passed more easily through the flesh than through the bones.

Dr. Rontgen realised that he had made a wonderful discovery—one which would enable surgeons to examine a man's skeleton, while he was still alive. He racked his brain for some explanation of them, but at last in despair, he named them "X-rays" (X, with its usual algebrical meaning of an unknown thing). But the world realised the immense importance of such a help to the surgeon and Rontgen leapt into fame.

The usefulness of an apparatus whereby the size, shape and position not only of the bones, but of the heart, lungs and liver can be judged, without any distress to the patient, can easily be realised. A needle, bullet or other foreign objects in a man's flesh can easily and accurately be located. X-rays are now extensively used for the diagnosis of surgical cases. Moreover, X-rays are of great service as actual curative agents in the treatment of skin diseases, ulcers, cancers and ringworm. There seems little doubt that the "Cathode rays tube" will become one of the greatest inventions of the century. Its value will be priceless and measurable only in terms of the preciousness of human life.

Within five years of Rontgen's discovery, the British Post Office alive to the possibilities of "X-rays", set up a plant for the detection of flaws in the gutta-percha used for submarine cables. X-rays have been applied to test different metals, because different substances have greatly different

powers of absorption of the rays. With the spectrometer, used in conjunction with the X-rays, it is found possible to distinguish between the different modifications (known as α , β , γ) of iron and also to determine with considerable accuracy the relative amounts of each present in a specimen. Ebonite used for insulating purposes in wireless and other electrical apparatus can easily be tested with the "X-rays". Golf-balls can also be tested—to see whether or not the rubber core inside is a true sphere or not.

Imitation diamonds can be distinguished from real ones by the dense shadow of the lead in the glass, of which they are made. Without opening oysters, pearls can be detected inside them.

Rontgen received many decorations and congratulatory messages. Among the decorations were one from the Kaiser, and the Rumford medal of the Royal Society of England. He died in 1923 in Munich.

A. GUPTA,
II Year (Science).

GOD APPEARS.

Palely with sorrows deep, have You come ?
I'll dread You not nor harbour fear.
Where grief rises, where heart bleeds most
There will I gird You, hold You fast.
If You hide Your face in the gloaming of Eve,
I'll find You still, I'll know You true.
When, You come in the garb of Death
I'll hold Your feet, Oh Lord ! and die.
In any dress You like, Oh God ! Appear,
I'll dread You not nor harbour fear.

K. B. BANERJEE,
II Year (Science).

BATHROOM INTERVIEWS.

AT some time or other, you must have read a short story. Now don't be a snob, make a clean breast of it. Anyway, I shall take it for granted that you have. It is not the story itself I am concerned with at present, but the editor's note at the end, which reads something like this, "the characters in this story are entirely fictitious, and have no reference to living persons." Let me assure you gentlemen, that the writer who apologises like this, is either an arrant knave, a lunatic, or both. I pride myself on being original, however, and have written about living beings.

The injured ones, may if they wish, sue me for libel; my attorneys Messrs. Nohope, Nohope, Nohope and Nohope, have been instructed to deal with this sort of correspondence. Others may demand satisfaction in the old-fashioned manner, with sword and pistol; these gentlemen, I refer to my honourable seconds Messrs. Badshot and Washout.

Now then, get your towel and your soap, (your tooth-brush and paste, if you're a late riser) and we'll go for a bath. You'll have to wait a minute though, I've lost my tooth-brush. Ah, here it is. Come on!

"Go slow, old man, those steps are rather slippery. Who is that looking at us"? A cherubic countenance peers over the top. Everybody knows him; why, Willy-boy, of course! He's dressed in a sailor suit today.

"Come" he shouts excitedly "and see my navy." "Your Navy"?

"Yes, yes, it's a cruiser, the first unit of the fleet I am building, my first flagship," (waves his hand magnificently towards the waste water tank). Then we do see; a little tin box, "chug chugging" in the sea of soap and water. "That isn't a cruiser!" I scoff.

"Fool!" he replies "did I say that was a cruiser? That is what a cruiser will look like in a hundred years more."

"But it hasn't got guns" I protest feebly. "Oh" he says loftily "in a hundred years time, the League of Nations

will have seen to all that, and no battleships will be allowed to mount guns."

"Then why have battleships . . . ?"

There is no time for more; with a wild yell of rage Willy hurls himself at me, and because I am essentially a man of peace, I beat a dignified though hasty retreat. We leave Willy singing

"All the nice girls, love a sailor

All the nice girls, love a 'tar.'"

There, didn't I tell you those steps were slippery? Our friend the Mendicant has just bitten the dust. As he recovers his equilibrium he looks around in a dazed sort of way.

"My bottle," he moans.

"What bottle?" I ask.

"My bottle of solution," he groans.

"What solution?" I inquire perplexedly.

"You won't understand," he says sulkily "but I'll tell you. It's like this: ever since my first birthday I have been forced to bathe. I have taken up the study of Science with an object in view—to do away with the bath habit, which with some people has developed into a mania. That bottle is the child of my brain, or rather the solution inside it. All you have to do is to paint yourself with the liquid, let it dry and 'presto', you don't have to bathe for 6·2432 (recurring) years.

The Mendicant puts his head up and sniffs. There certainly is an odour about the place reminiscent of a rat's morgue.

"Where on earth is that horrible smell coming from?" I ask.

"Oh that," says the Mendicant nonchalantly "that's just my solution, the bottle must have broken."

Some one has finished bathing, I think you'd better take the empty bathroom. I know the late occupant, though. "Hullo boy!" he yells hoarsely "Good morning Theophilus".

He goes to the bathroom opposite, and hauls out a wet bedraggled "something," a string attached to its hind leg for obvious reasons. "What's that Theophilus?"

"A puppy" he says with pride in his eyes.

"What do you want with a puppy?" I am perplexed.

"You see," this with a fond look at the "thing". "I'm his foster-mother."

"Foster-mother! You mean foster-father, I presume."

"Exactly" he answers not a wit abashed, "and I've brought him here to give him his bath." "Do you mean to say, Theophilus, that your foster-son has been occupying a whole bathroom all this time and all by himself?"

"Exactly" retorts the grinning foster-father, "and now, good-bye! I'll see you later."

"You certainly will," I promise grimly, but Theophilus hadn't heard me.

There are many ways of having a bath: some shout at the top of their voices and get under the tap, as if they were going "over the top." Others just splash about for fifteen minutes, and return in the afternoon when the water is warmer. Mr. Shukla (strong-man) in the next bathroom, has another method of approaching the problem. He is an exponent of the auto-suggestion system. Hear him talking to himself "the water is not cold, it's only wet. It is getting hotter and hotter every minute, hotter and hotter" but don't listen to his babblings, hurry up and get out! I want some breakfast.

Do you hear that aeroplane? No it isn't an aeroplane, just somebody behaving like one. Somebody is in full flying kit, oxygen cylinders, head-phones and connections, goggles, parachute and all.

"Hullo, what's all the row about?"

"Nothing," he replies twiddling an imaginary joystick, "only flying my aeroplane."

"Where is it?" I ask, looking round curiously.

The flyer looks dumb-founded for a minute and then his face brightens up. "Did I say my aeroplane?" he asks.

"You certainly did."

"I should have said, what's left of my aeroplane" he explains banking steeply into the bathroom, as we take off for breakfast.

Now gentlemen, I'm prepared to meet your seconds before breakfast.

"Waiter, pistols for two,
and coffee for one."

L. SOLOMON,
II Year (Arts).

GOLDSMITH'S "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD"

THE "Vicar of Wakefield" is one of those novels which we may call idyllic and which gives to home life an endearing romantic interest. Goldsmith's graceful and pure English is a pleasant contrast to the loaded Latinism of Johnson's style. Even the first few chapters of the book reveal to us the fact that the charm of his style lies in his unfailing good humour and kindness of disposition. The earlier chapters have, besides, all the sweetness of pastoral poetry together with all the vivacity of comedy. How beautifully he has described the hedge of hawthorn and honey-suckle! When the weather was fine, the Vicar's family lounged under their shade and drank tea which diffused a new joy. Dr. Primrose and his wife would sometimes stroll down the sloping fields, talk of their children with rapture and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony. "Our family dined in the field," he says, "And to heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from the opposite hedges, the familiar readbreast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands and every sound seemed, but, the echo of tranquility."

"Moses and his spectacles, the Vicar and his monogamy, the sharper and his cosmogony, the Squire proving from Aristotle that relatives are related, Olivia's love affairs, the great ladies with their scandal about Sir Tomkyn's amours and Dr. Burdock's verse, and Mr. Burchel with his "Fudge," have afforded much innocent amusement to all readers of the book.

But the novel is very weak in plot. It drew the highest possible praise from Goethe but the most furious attacks from Mark Twain. No critic has ever said that it shines in construction. The plot is full of wild improbabilities. We are often shocked by its frequent brutalities and indecencies. The expedients by which all the members of the family are brought together and made happy at the same time, are nothing short of desperate. The latter part of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. As we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker on the page and the gleams of pleasantry become rarer and rarer.

The author does not know what to make of the episode of Olivia and her husband. They are allowed to drop out of the picture; we leave him playing the French horn at a relation's house, while she in her father's house is supposed to be unnoticed, so much are they all taken up with the rejoicings over the double wedding.

But it is not for the plot that people now read the "Vicar of Wakefield." Goethe acknowledged that in decisive moments of mental development, the book formed his education. "That lofty and benevolent irony, that fair and indulgent views of all infirmities and faults, that weakness under all calamities, that equanimity under all charges and chances, and the whole train of kindred virtues whatever names they bear, proved my best education."

Goldsmith had the Irish reverence for pure womanhood which has been idealized in this book. It is briefly the story of a simple English parson and his family. From a state of happiness they are hauled into economic distress. Misfortunes which are never said to come singly appear in this case in clusters. But spiritual force and the Vicar's strong faith in God and man gain a remarkable victory over physical and mental tortures. Goldsmith has also tried to give an impression of his own life in the "Philosophic Vagabondage" of George. But it must be confessed that Goldsmith's optimism has been stretched to the breaking point. The Vicar's embittered circumstances are somewhat too easily converted into showers of blessing. Following the natural course of events, the plot in other hands would have ended in a brutal tragedy. Leaving aside some of these weaknesses, it can be remarked that, the story in its trials and its triumphs, its sorrows and its joys is a life-like fiction. It has become a "part of English literature as permanent as it is widely diffused."

William J. Long has pointed out that laying aside all romantic passion, intrigue and adventure, upon which other novelists depend, Goldsmith in this simple story has accomplished three noteworthy results—He has made human fatherhood almost a divine thing; he has glorified the moral sentiments which cluster about the family life as the centre of civilization; and he has given us in Dr. Primrose, a striking and an enduring figure which seems more like a personal acquaintance than a character in a book.

K. B. BANERJEE,
II Year (Science.)

THE PRINCESS ZEB-UL-NISA AND HER POETRY.

ZEB-UL-NISA was the eldest of the five daughters of the Emperor Aurangzeb. Her life is a sealed book. She lived in the strict Purdah in the Moghal Harem.

Zeb-ul-nisa was born at Daulatabad on the 15th February, 1638. She died at Delhi on 29th May, 1702, and was buried in the garden of "Thirty Thousand Trees" outside the Kabuli Gate. Her tomb was demolished to make room for a railway, but her coffin and inscribed tomb-stone are now in Akbar's mausoleum at Sikanderabad near Agra, where the epitaph can easily be read. Zeb was educated by a lady named Hafiza Miriam, she committed the Quran to memory for which she received a reward of 30,000 gold pieces from her delighted father. A mistress of Persian and Arabic, she wrote different kinds of hand with neatness and grace. Her library surpassed all private collections, and she employed many scholars on liberal salaries to produce literary works at her bidding or to copy manuscripts for her. As Aurangzeb disliked poetry, her liberality compensated for the lack of court patronage and most of the poets of the age sought refuge with her. Supported by her Mulla, Safiuddin Ardheli, translated the Arabic Great commentary under the title of "Zabul Tafasir", the authorship of which is vulgarly ascribed to his patroness. Other tracts and works also unjustly bear her name. She wrote Persian odes under the pen-name of Makhfi or the "Concealed One." But the "Diwani Makhfi", which is extant, cannot with certainty be called her work because this pseudonym was used by many royal ladies, such as one of the wives of Akbar.

Zeb-ul-nisa was every inch a Persian poetess. Only her voice is more piercingly sweet than that of other poets of Persia. Her chief distinction is that she is not inspired but is an inspirer. Though it is difficult to get much of her genuine poetry, yet from what little is known of it, her soul seems to be a soul of sorrow. Her heart is rich with the pangs of love. Her father King Aurangzeb

hated poetry and music while Zeb was a songster divine so made by nature herself. She was an ideal maiden, a princess, a poetess, a dreamer. She softens the reader with her verses, melts him and then transmutes him by the waters of his inner-self into a nobler being. A few specimens of her simpler verses are given below.

It is said a Persian Prince once sent her a short couplet in which he expressed a fond desire to see her:—

ترا آء مہ جییں ہے پردہ دیدن آرزو دارم
جمالت ہائے حسنت را رسیدن آرزو دارم

Zeb did not give any direct reply to this couplet but her reply came in the following two verses:—

بلبل از گل بگذرد گر در چمن بنید مرا
بت پرستی کے کہنہ گر برہمن بنید مرا
در سخن پنہاں شدم مانند تو در برگ گل
ہر کہ میلے دید دارم در سخن بنید مرا

Once, when the Princess was strolling in her garden, she plucked a narcissus and twined it in her braids. Tradition has it that Aquil Khan, for whom she had a great regard, was standing close to her. He composed the following couplet *extempore*:—

Nargas Zad-i-bar sarv az shoq-i-to-nargas,
Kham Karda rukhe khesh kih rukhsatt into
hinad.

Zeb replied immediately as follows.—

این زہ نرگس کہ تو دیدی بسر آء انسرین
بتماشائے تو چشم بیرون شدہا از مسو من

Tradition reports another poetic repertort of Zeb to Nasir Ali, the court poet. Once the Princess recited the following couplet which started the repartee:—

گرچہ من ایلی لباسم دل چومچنون در و لاس
سر ہسترا میزنم لیکن حیا زنجیر و رهاست

To which Nasir Ali responded:—

تعشق تا خامست باشد تہائے ننگ و نام
پختہ مغز آء صوب را کے حیا زنجیر ہاست

The Princess again replied and shames the poet by calling him in her couplet "a shameless bird"—

عاشقان ایز دی را حیا باشد مدام
تو خون مرغ بے حیا را کے حیا زنجیر پاست

It is said that one morning the Emperor Aurangzeb came to the place after a stroll with the first line of a couplet that he had composed on his lips and looked much concerned as he could not complete what he had composed by making the suitable second line.

Zeb-ul-Nisa finding out the cause of his being ill at ease immediately completed the Emperor's couplet—

سحر رفتم بہ گل چیدن گرفتہ دانم خارا
فغان از ابلبلان بر خواست درد ما مت مگزار

One day while strolling together with her father in a private garden the Princess addressed as follows a singing bird perched on a green tree making a pointed reference to the Emperor—

اے بلبلانے نامدن دم در گلو فردوزان
نازک مزاج شاہان تاب سخن نہ دارند

A maiden one day accidentally broke a mirror of the Princess which was obtained for her from far off China. The words uttered by the maid and the witty reply by the Princess make a complete couplet—

از قضا! آئینہ چنی شکست
خوب شد! بہاب حور بہنی شکست

Some other verses—

اے صدف تشنہ بمیو و شوے نیسان می نگر
بہر یک قطرہ آب جکوت بارہ کند
دختر شاہم و لیکن رو بہ فقر آوردہ ام
زیب و زینت بس ملکہ نام ما زیب اسامت
من زدل تنگ و دل زمین تنگ اشت
صحبت ما چون شیشہ و منگ نست

S. KHADIM HUSAIN ZAIDPURI,

1 Year (Arts).

MY FAVOURITE POET.

"Yet to be sure a single beautiful line has wrought the world more good than all the masterpieces of mechanism."

Jardin d'Epicurs.

THE name of John Keats has by general consent been placed among those intellectual giants who have been the ornaments of their species. However imposing be the attributes with which time has invested the poets and the heroes of antiquity, the brightness of their fame has been eclipsed by the splendour of his reputation; none has ventured to dispute the ascendancy of his genius. Had he not been nipped in the very bud, he would have been the greatest hero of the field of poetry; still he shone forth in his day as one of the most brilliant luminaries in the literary firmament. No wonder, then, that when this sun of the poetic solar system went down the literary horizon, leaving behind him a glorious and resplendent trail of light to lead the benighted and illumine the path of many a poetic wayfarer, Shelley, one of his contemporaries and devoted friends gave expression to his unfathomable grief in a most touching elegy "Adonais" whose first line runs as follows:—

"I weep for Adonais—he is dead!"

and in the same stanza he says:—

".....! Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity."

"A poet is born and not made" was never so completely verified as in the case of Keats. His poetic faculty was through and through a gift of nature.

Hudson rightly observes, "Inquiry into the ancestors of a great writer will often help to explain his genius by revealing the presence of unusual intellectual powers, akin in nature to his own, in the stock from which he sprang. The case of Keats furnishes a striking exception to this rule." A brief survey of the life of the poet will solve this paradox.

The parents of John Keats were Thomas Keats and Frances. John Keats was born on October 31, 1795. His parents were people of common merits. This shows as Hudson pertinently remarks, "In neither of his parents, nor, so far as we know, in any other member of his family were any traces to be found of that rare poetic faculty with which John Keats was mysteriously endowed at his birth. It is indeed one of the most curious paradoxes in literary history that a poet whose whole soul was filled with a passionate love of beauty and whose taste turned instinctively, as if through natural affinity, to the romance of the Middle Ages, and the wonderful land of Greek fable and song should have been born into conditions so singularly out of harmony with his temperament and ideals."

His father died of a horse-fall in 1804; and the mother after remarrying succumbed to consumption in February 1810. Later Keats took to surgery. But ere long he dropped his surgical profession and wrote verses for the remaining period of his life. He made acquaintance with Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Haydon and others. In December 1818 his beloved brother Tom, a consumptive invalid, died, leaving a great void in his brother's heart. It was in the same momentous year that he made the acquaintance of Miss Fanny Brawn. His whole soul at once went out to her, with swooning admiration of her beauty. Soon they were engaged, but the actual marriage never reached to fruition. On the night of February 3, 1820, the poet had the attack of blood-spitting from the lungs. The end was near and Keats too knew: "I know the colour of that blood; I cannot be deceived in that colour; that drop of blood is my death warrant; I must die." Keats was exceedingly unhappy. A host of harassing ideas preyed upon his mind with unrelenting tenacity. The worst of all was the sense of the impending and probably final separation from Fanny Brawn.

On September 18, 1820, he left England for Italy accompanied by the young artist Joseph Severn, leaving behind many sad hearts. His friend, Leigh Hunt wrote a tender little farewell ending with the pathetic lines, "but farewell for a while—thy heart is in our field, and thou will soon be back to reign it." In October they reached Naples. Keats in a letter to Brown, speaks of Miss Brown in phrases which wrings one's heart when one reads them and the hardest of

hearts is bound to shed 'iron tears': "I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her Oh, God! God! God! Everything I have in my trunk that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear My imagination is horridly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her Oh, Brawn. I have coals of fire in my breast. It surprises me that human heart is capable of so much misery."

Nothing could save him from the jaws of death, he died on February 3, 1821, in the lap of his dear friend. He was buried in Rome. His name was inscribed along with the epitaph which he himself had composed in the bitterness of his soul, "Here lies one whose name was writt in water."

Now let us have a passing glance on the poetry of Keats. It is a world in itself. It has been rightly said of him that, "as a poet he lived but little in the present world of realities, which to him seemed hard, cold and prosaic. Where Wordsworth spiritualizes and Shelley intellectualizes Nature, Keats is content to express her through the senses. His was a sensuous love of natural beauty—the beauty of field and forest, of flower and sky and sea; and in the interpretation of this beauty no English poet takes a higher place than him."

In 1812 Keats read Spenser's "Fairy Queen" and as Colvin tells us, "It was the Fairy Queen that awakened his genius." It is well said that "in putting Spenser into his hands, Keats' friends had taken him to the 'fountain head of poetry'." His poetic career began with "The Ode to Nightingale," says Compton Ricket, "embodying the very spirit of old romance is the most voluptuous and passionate in its emotions. At times the emotion threatens to overpower the writer and an hysterical euphuism here and there jars on the readers:—

"That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:
Fade far away dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan?
.
Where beauty can not keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow."

or when the poet cries out,

"Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous sea, in fairy lands forlorn."

Regardless of the chatter of malicious tongue, he gives his gospel of nature and freedom in his poem entitled "Sleep and Beauty" and sings with sublime indifference:—

".....Beauty was awake!
Why were ye not awake?"

The *Eve of St. Agnes* is characteristic of Keats in many respects. The story is founded on the old superstition that maidens observing certain rites on the eve of her festival would get a vision of their future husbands. Prof. Dickinson pertinently remarks, "In Keats the husband appears." He goes on further, "It is instinct with 'beauty and verbal magic'. The description is wedded to melody." The exquisite beauty of his expression is mirrored in the following lines of his:—

"Beyond a mortal impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet:"

Now, a word about *Isabella*, the earliest of Keats' high achievements. In *Isabella* we find Keats' skill in story telling to the highest point. The poem is a poetic interpretation of life and it is pervaded by beauty like all Keats' best works. It is said that *Isabella* is a drama of secret and dangerous love, and results in tragedy.

Read this and see if poetry may not be poetry even when clad in the simplest garb:

"I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light.
And her eyes were wild."

And the jewelled and most voluptuous of the lines,

"And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four."

Here we stop our stroll in the beautiful garden of Keats' poetry, which is full of innumerable flowers welcoming us. There are "Ode on Melancholy, the Ode to Autumn, the Ode on a Grecian Urn" and the beautiful Endymion beginning with, "A thing of beauty is joy for ever." These are some of "the mightiest achievements of English verse." Thus, Keats was a genius. He was a poetic genius. His poetry is the embodiment of a desire for transforming this selfish world into an ideal paradise. He felt that he belonged to a world higher and nobler. These lines have been fully verified in Keats: "Human life and happiness may be brief, yet Art may enshrine them with an ideal beauty that outlives the years. The Gospel of the oneness of truth and beauty as preached by Keats is the best since Shakespeare." Poetry has always come to Keats as naturally as leaves to a tree.

In his poetry, Keats has given expression to the highest and noblest thought that have ever been conceived by human mind, and aroused in the breast of their fellow-beings some of the noblest aspirations that have ever throbbed in human heart.

ALI IRTIZA USMANY,
11 Year (Arts).

TO THE JUMNA.

O ! come with me, see how it flows
 A serpent sliding by
 Sent silient down from out the snows
 " The High " to glorify.
 A bosom broad and bare to bring
 Refreshing shelter there
 Where bright and blue the ripples ring
 A song of loving care.
 Blest thou art O noble river
 In thee is peace and joy
 I stand by thee and thank Him ever
 For gifts without alloy.

ANAND SWARUP GUPTA.

EDITORIAL

MR. CHINTAMANI in his Convocation address to the outgoing graduates of the Lucknow University deplored that "the average University product of today is not a shining example of excellence." Is it a pertinent question to ask what proportion of the blame lies at the door of the Intermediate Colleges ! Leaving aside the question of "Examination requirements" do we promote intellectual training and refinement extending the cultural influence of higher education in our students ; or do we follow the stereotyped routine work helping them to "crib and cram" for longer hours leaving them little time to develop and widen their individualities !

THE spirit and work of our Social Service Association is highly commendable ; yet as the age-old adage runs "charity begins at home" we would very much like to see the activities of this body include the scores of urchins straying all over the campus in the afternoon. Mr. Hazlett is doing all he can but student co-operation is lacking. Why should not the Association take the work up.

It is a crying shame that we have 500 students and yet not a single night school is run for our servants nor the children of the neighbourhood. Let the Hostel Brotherhood's deliberate. Some day, we trust the College Social Service League will find it a practical proposition to open a school in a distant village—maintain it throughout the year—an old boy as the resident worker helped by groups of members on all week-ends and holidays ; One village to become the Association's special care in every way—year after year till time to shift to another.

VERY few of our students had the opportunity of knowing the late Mrs. Jardine since she was more directly concerned with our University College ; but some of us who had the privilege of knowing her, can join with those of Holland Hall in mourning the loss we have sustained. Those who go from here to Holland Hall in the years to come will be the poorer to miss that sweet lady whose friendship, sympathy and versatility had been such a boon to all university students.

As a college we have already expressed our sympathy for Mr. Jardine but we want to thank him now for kindly sharing with us, in a short talk, the deep and inspiring spiritual experiences of his bereavement—"There is no death but only separation—God shares our sorrow."

THE Economics Society Co-operative Stores need, I understand, the whole-hearted patronage of every member of the institution. We remind everyone that success of this enterprise depends entirely upon the co-operation of all.

OUR congratulation to the Volley Ball and Hocky teams. The season has just begun and already the former have annexed two trophies. In Cawnpore they wrested the trophy from the leading College teams of the province and the Hyderi Cup is no less a compliment to their prowess. The Salim Cup promises well for the Hocky Eleven.

"PRINCETON HALL" is the first name inscribed on the beautiful Silver Cup presented by the Foot-ball Captain Raja N. C. Deo of Baramba for Inter-Hostel Foot-ball tournament. We thank the donor for his generous loyalty to the College.

THE opening of a music class has removed a long-felt want, and since it is a branch of the Prayag Sangit Samiti none need entertain any doubts about the limit of its life or quality of work. We wish that, side by side some arrangements for the study of western music could also be made.

THE Physics and Chemical Societies are going out on extensive tours soon after the examinations. We wish them a very profitable time.

CHRISTMAS.

IN the opening page, we have wished all our readers the joy of "Blessed" Christmas which is the same as "Merry" or "Happy" Christmas—the same words the choir of angels sang in Judea two thousand years ago: Peace, joy, goodwill to all men over a scene so sublime—simple—humble. But the word "Happy" sounds so ironical this year when the world is plunged into an unprecedented economic depression; when in India socially, politically the cup of bitterness is full to overflowing. Inter-communal spite, caste distinctions, unemployment and suffering have so affected us this year that we have despaired of happiness. But the desire of happiness

beyond all doubt, is a natural desire. To say that all men long for happiness is to confess that we are human beings. In striving to realise the true aim of our being, we wish for that which is implanted in the very heart of our effort—happiness. Christ in His gospel recognizes this and therefore it is humane, sympathetic, consoling. "Unrest and weariness, the fever of passion and the chill of despair, soul-solitude and heart-trouble, are the very things He comes to cure." He says in the very opening of the "Beatitudes" "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." So, even this year, we dare to extend to you Happy Christmas greetings.

CHRIST was so poor. Even the stork according to an old English ballad,—before the three wise-men of the East went riding to Bethlehem, before the poor shepherds followed the star—accompanied other birds to see the baby in the manger and was so moved at the sight of the Christ Child so cold and helpless in the rude bed that he plucked his warm fluffy feathers for the baby's coverlet. That is only imagination—but such was the poverty into which the Child was born and he grew up to be a man who "had not where to lay his head"—a friend of the poor and sinners throughout. Let this Christmas be happy and merry for us in the spirit of this "Son of Man". Let us be friends to the poor, the untouchables, the unemployed as much as those who are sick and diseased and charitable to those who are politically or socially opposed to us.

Christmas Night.

While you lie snug and warm
Between your soft white sheets,
A worthier one than you
May have to walk the streets.

Do you deserve to be
Well-housed, well-clothed, well-fed?
A worthier one than you
May search dust-bins for bread.

While you lie snug and warm,
While you forget the poor,
Christ in His mother's arms,
May be outside your door.

C. DALMON.

USE OF POETRY

IT shows a poor philosophy and practice of life to neglect the value of "poetry". But there are many who do not appreciate poetry and make the accusation that it is of no practical importance in life. For instance, they say "Of what use is poetry to a doctor or a mechanic?"

The fact that life cannot be circumscribed by gross physical wants alone, will at once remove the misunderstanding. But even with such a narrow conception of life poetry has been of use. It has enabled men to earn their bread and butter and it still furnishes a means of livelihood to many who are not true poets at all. Alfred Tennyson overcame by sheer merit of his poetry, his financial troubles, became a Lord, and lived a life of ease and happiness.

More important than the physical needs of life are the emotional, intellectual, and spiritual needs. The satisfaction of the aesthetic sense cannot be overlooked. He has not really lived his life who has never experienced a thrill, an ecstasy, and heard the gentle whisper of a sweet tune which seems to be wafted from the unknown. Poetry is blissful; it not only thrills but it also lulls to sleep. Who would not, but, yearn for a beaker of "the blushful hippocrene" that he might drink of the fountain "with beaded bubbles winking at the brim" and leaving behind all cares and worries of the world "fade away in the forest dim?"

Poetry again is not allied to what is false. It is not all fiction and myth, removed from what is actual and real. But there are many who regard it as such. That is, because they do not understand poetry and take it in the literal sense. It is impossible indeed for a common layman "to see the world in a grain of sand." The truth is that the poet sees things as they are. He sees things like the prophet or seer. Prescott has given a very subtle analysis of the working of a poet's mind. "It draws from the deeper unconscious mind," he says "and consequently has a character of universality. . . accompanying the fiction, however, is the actuality of the emotions, and behind all the funda-

mental desires." Prescott: *The Poetic Mind*. [Page 279]. The poet has a keener perception and wider vision than others. He helps you to see and find out more of the rhythm of life, not only in yourself, but in the whole of creation. He is like a seer who leads you on, to enter into the very nature of things.

There may be some truth however in the accusation that poetry makes persons idlers and dreamers. Yet, Stevenson pointed out long ago that idlers and dreamers have their own uses. Most of us who have grown wiser with the wisdom of years, hold that "life is not an empty dream." We can however say that at any rate, poetry gives relaxation, gratification and relief when persons need them most. The force of the criticism is esteemed when we remember that it is the means of relieving the overburdened mind as Cardinal NEWMAN has said. It cannot moreover be denied that a man derives a great amount of pleasure from the exercise of the imagination which poetry demands.

For many persons, poetry acts as a safety valve tending to preserve them from mental disease. It gives expression to our feelings and gratifies the instinctive wish to communicate our feelings to others. It opens out our mind, broadens it enabling us to perceive the real character of life. Poetry is a healing balm for the pains and sorrows of this worldly life. It brought comfort to the heart of blind Milton. The unfortunate poet reconciled himself to his painful lot and with a feeling of fervent piety said "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Thus we see that poetry has an aesthetical, moral and ethical value in our life. It has also a spiritual value in our life by its chastening and harmonizing influence. It enables us to raise ourselves above material pursuits and awakens a true sense of the abiding and permanent realities in life and so opens out to us means of a higher and more ennobling form of enjoyment which the pursuit of worldly aims is unable to offer.

K. B. BANERJEE,
II Year (Science).

MALINA.

WITH the feelings of listlessness from affects of untimely rising, I entered the sickroom. Mother lay on her deathbed. My two brothers and sisters were already there. What had happened? With growing nervousness I looked at the patient. Her breathing was hard and her eyes were dreamy. She was motionless. Death gazed into her pale face. The last of the last moments came.

"Where are you going mother?" I gasped in fright. She did not answer. The sob of the household answered me. Then my eyes unwept for many years swelled with tears. I was sad and agrieved—a broken heart.

A month passed away. The appointed work went on in its appointed way. I was still sad and broken down. I was the motherless—wan and haggard. In the meantime biting winds of chilly December days blew across the countryside. The beggar woman in tattered clothes shivered with cold. Strips of cirrus-like wisps of wool wandered in the heaven; and at the dead of night, the random voice of the crane "wailed like the long drawn scream of a child in pain." I would sometimes startle in my sleep and look out of the window with apprehension. I would find nothing but thick mist hanging over our villa, the bleak, starlighted sky, and sometimes the hazy light of village lamps flickering in the smoky air.

On the eve of Christmas I was standing on the balcony. Slowly the last rays of the setting sun disappeared behind the horizon. A dusky veil spread around me, I felt very lonesome and uncomfortable. The cigarette smoked between my fingers. I sank into an easy chair and mused in my "populous solitude." I dreamt while I was awake. Before me, like the scene in a play when the curtain is rung up, appeared the shadows of the dead. After all these days I found my heart as heavy as ever. Suddenly, I became conscious of my servant Bhoja, waiting behind me to secure orders. "Bhoja," I said at once, "Go and bring my overcoat; and inform sister that I will go out for a stroll."

"But wont you take your tea, babu." The answer was "No!"

"It is growing dark!"

"Yes!"

"Still you will go out, babu!"

"Yes!"

I was nearing the village Ranaghat. It was dark and I flashed my Everready to find the way. About a hundred yards down the village path stretched the lines of E. B. Railway. I heard the rumbling of an approaching train. Then I saw the flash of searchlight tearing through the mist. What a tremendous speed! I was not within forty yards of the lines when the train was in full view. But, hark! I heard a female voice gasping out "Yes, I will die! I must die! God, give me courage!" A wild convulsive cry followed. I flashed on my Everready spontaneously. Someone lay on the railway track. There was not a moment to be lost. The path descended down a steep slope ahead of me. I ran breathlessly. Two seconds! Three seconds! The express was within ten yards. My feet slipped and I reeled forward. So bad was my fall that I could not check a scream of pain. My heart throbbed as if a living creature leapt within my chest. Only two words escaped to me at the time "Impossible! She is run over!" I sat on the ground for half a minute. The tail end of the express passed from before my eyes.

"Amazing!" said I approaching her. "Amazing indeed!" But who can you be madam?" I flashed my torch and it lighted on what might have been "a pair of imperious eyes, on darkling sun-kissed cheeks and on the curving bow of a rose-bud, mouth that blended into the beauty of an enchantress. She was quite a girl, certainly not out of her teens. She was really fit for the heroine of the mightiest romance. Alas! My unfortunate fall had prevented me from playing my roll. At the moment she still panted and on her beautiful faded cheeks loomed the horrors of death. Growing very serious and with a certain air of dignified gestures she said gravely and slowly, "At the last second my courage failed. But, I will never do it again. No! never. But who am I? Don't ask it, please. Mine is a strange, strange affair." I could not speak for emotion. She looked full into my face. Her eyes were a dream and they held me spell-bound. When I came to myself, the fitting apparition of

beauty was gone. Yes, the deer-eyed creature had moved away. Where was she gone? Only she had left with me her recollection and the stamp of her charm upon my bosom. The only other thing she had forgotten was a valuable piece of paper. The following words were penned in distinct female hand:—

"Scandal-mongers know not the agony of a young widow's heart. But they will know it soon. One unfortunate death will seal their venomous tongue for ever. Will not their conscience prick them? They are at the bottom of it. Dear Earth and soil, loving parents and sweet home, Good Bye! Good Bye! for ever"

MALINA.

With twitching pain in my right arm I plodded back through darkness till I reached my destination.

Another month passed away. The first bright smile beamed upon my face when I received a letter of appointment from the "Textile Corporation" at Bombay. I had graduated only six months ago and it was sheer chance to obtain a decent job so soon. I made hasty preparations for departure. After two days, full of enterprise, I left for Bombay. The big city entertains the newcomer with diversities of its scenes and activities. I spent a fortnight in sight-seeing and making purchases. I began to look upon life more and more in terms of business. Yet one evening as I sat on the beach, I do not know wherefore was caused a great tumult in my heart. I could not laugh away the unwelcome feelings. Once more I was the same weeping philosopher.

A whisper escaped my lips, "I will never get rid of this melancholy mood." Someone passing by turned her face to me and smiled. She had the same wild, wild eyes and the dreamy look. She was in her full glory. She was married. She was happy.

"Ma-li-na!" I gasped in half broken, half suppressed voice. I stretched my arms. She did not stop. From the automobile on the road peered a human face. Malina was his mistress.

Malina, you have cheated me. You did not know that you haunted my dreams. You were the desire of my desires. You have played with me a cruel trick. Malina, come back! You have left me alone, the unhappiest soul on this earth. Will not tears bring you back? Will not prayers reach your ears? Will not love melt your heart? Come back!

Come back ! Speak one word, one sweet word. Let not your memory bring my ruin. Speak one word. Malina ! One sweet word ! Malina, come back !

The automobile had moved away. Malina was gone. She did not come back. Yes, she did not. My sight dimmed. She did not look back. Yes, she did not. The sun drowned beneath the waves. I saw the haze coming. My sight wandered in the infinitude of heaven. All was dark, and still I said, "Malina, come back !"

B. K. BANERJEE,
II Year (Science).

EWING LITERARY UNION

Federation seems to be the order of the day. While the princes were yet steeped in hesitation and cogitation over it, various societies of our language-departments took a definite and ideal step in the direction of the realisation of this great aim and as a result of it, the Ewing Literary Union has sprung up, the full details of which have already appeared on our notice-board.

The different societies are manifesting admirable enthusiasm in the activities of the Union and their valuable co-operation leads us to believe that a bright future lies in store for it.

SARJU PRASAD TEWARI,
General Secretary.

A RECIPE.

Take equal parts of Kindness,
Unselfishness, and thoughtfulness ;
Mix in an atmosphere of Love.
Add a spice of Usefulness,
Scatter a few grain of Cheerfulness,
Season with Smiles,
Stir with a hearty Laugh, and
Dispense to everybody.

SURENDRA PRASAD ASTHANA,
II Year (Biology).

(Collected.)

हिन्दी-विभाग

जिसको न निज भाषा तथा कालेज-इविं (ग) का ध्यान ।
वह बटु नहीं, पशुतुल्य है, निर्जीव है, अज्ञान है ॥

हिन्दी-विभाग

वर्ष २३ } जिसको न निज भाषा तथा कालेज-इर्वि (ग) का ध्यान है । { संख्या २
} वह बटु नहीं, पशुतुल्य है, निर्जीव है, अज्ञान है ॥ }

मेरा दीपक

सूने विपिन मार्ग से तम से, रख कर पूरी आशा तुम से ।

ठोकर सी खाती आई हूँ, अंचल से ढाँके लाई हूँ ।

धीरे से कर पार अँधेरा ।

बुझ न जाय यह दीपक मेरा ॥१॥

जीवन ज्योति बुझी सी मेरी, केवल आशा जलती तेरी ।

इस मेरे उपवन के माली, बोल कहाँ नवकुसुमित ढाली ।

हो आया अब देख सबेरा ।

बुझ न जाय यह दीपक मेरा ॥२॥

धीमी पड़ती जाती आशा, कौन दिलावे हाथ ! दिलासा ।

रह रह कर आँधी सी आती, जिससे फटती मेरी छाती ।

मन पागल सा खाता फेरा ।

बुझ न जाय यह दीपक मेरा ॥३॥

तेरा मंदिर सूझ न पड़ता, देव बता यह कैसी ममता ।

हाथ ! कहाँ फिर दीप चढ़ाऊँ, बोल कहाँ तुझको मैं पाऊँ ।

आय धिरा, अब संकट घेरा ।

बुझ न जाय यह दीपक मेरा ॥४॥

Jagat Narain Sharma,
Second Year (Arts)

विजय के पथ पर ।

[लेखक—गोविन्द वैष्णव]

काश्मीर की सुरम्य घाटियों में भयंकरता की घनी नीहारिका फैली हुई थी। झर झर बहते झरने उमंगहीन से हो गये थे। हरी भरी पहाड़ियाँ पीली पड़ कर जीवन-हीन सी हो गई थीं। शीतल, सुगन्धित वायु के झोंके एक हो गये थे। भिन्न भिन्न प्रकार के रंगों से लदी हुई घाटियाँ रक्त-पिपासु सैनिक शिविरों में परिवर्तित कर दी गई थीं। अब वहाँ विहगगणों की चहचहाहट के स्थान पर पीड़ित सैनिकों की कराहें, आहें और लड़ते हुए योद्धाओं की कानों को चीर सी देने वाली ललकारें सुनाई पड़ती थीं।

घाटी जीवन-हीन थी !

समस्त दिन के युद्ध से थके हुए सैनिक शिला खंडों पर बैठे ऊँध रहे थे। रक्त-रंजित रणस्थली में विचरण करते गीदड़ों की 'हू हू' 'हा हा' घाटी में प्रतिध्वनित होकर एक विचित्र स्वर का उद्रेक कर रही थी।

शिविर में कोलाहल मच गया—महाराज जयपाल ने आत्महत्या कर ली।

चिरन्तन से भारत वर्ष का दृढ़ अस्त्र आत्मसम्मान रहा है, और रहेगा। उसकी रक्षा के लिए प्राण भी मोल में दे दिये जाते हैं। महाराज जयपाल को भाग्य धोखा दे चुका था। धन, वैभव, ऐश्वर्य, राज-पाट इत्यादि से ध्वस्त होना पड़ा था। रण में भी विजित। हुए ! किन्तु फिर भी मुख पर एक उज्ज्वल हास्य-रेखा दौड़ती थी। उनके उर्जस्वित व्यक्तित्व के सामने क्रूर विजयी भी एक बार मूक-रूप से प्रणाम कर चुका था।

वे एक सच्चे भारतीय थे।

× × × × × ×

घाटी एक बार शून्य हो गई। शत्रुओं-द्वारा पद-दलित घाटी को फिर से बिलने का अवकाश न मिला।

फिर से एक भीषण युद्ध होने वाला था। महमूद ने फिर अपने दल बल सहित भारत पर आक्रमण किया। इस बार अधिक सशक्त, सुसज्जित और विशाल सेना लेकर वह आया था।

भारत के घर घर से युवक सैनिकों की मांग हुई। बलवान युवकों ने अपने सशक्त शरीरों को देश के कष्टों को मिटाने के लिए अर्पित कर दिया। बूढ़ों ने युवकों को शब्दों-द्वारा साहस प्रदान किया। युवतियों और बूढ़ियों ने विदा होते सैनिकों को हर्ष और उत्साह की भेंट दी।

टूटी-फूटी झोपड़ियों में चरखा 'धुर, धुर, खुर, खुर' चलाया जा रहा था। प्रत्येक झोपड़ी का निवासी अपने हाथ से सूत कात कर उसका मूल्य राज्य कोष में भिजवा रहा था। राज्यकोष में धन की कमी थी।

मिट्टी से लिपी-पुती एक छोटी सी झोपड़ी में एक बूढ़ी चरखे पर सूत कातती हुई गा रही थी। उसकी आँखें धँसी हुई थीं। बदन पर झुर्रियाँ पड़ गई थीं, उसकी धँसी हुई आँखों में शिथिलता का घर था।

झोपड़ी के दरवाज़े पर हाथ मारता हुआ, 'माँ' कह कर एक युवक अन्दर आया।

"प्रताप, मेरे बेटे"—कहते हुए बुढ़िया के मुरझाये हुए मुख पर हँसी की रेखायें दौड़ पड़ीं।

प्रताप हँसता हुआ बोला, "माँ, दे अपना आशीर्वाद मुझे। सुना है तूने, हम लोगों के पास भी बड़ी भारी सेना है। अब तो सुनने में आया है कि राष्ट्र-सेना के सामने शत्रु सेना घबड़ा रही है। जा भी हो, मैं चलता हूँ। विजयी होकर लौटूँगा, तब तेरी गोद में बैठ कर निहाल होऊँगा।"

बुढ़िया की धँसी हुई आँखों में बिजली दौड़ गई। उसे गर्व था अपने प्रताप पर, उस वीर प्रताप पर जो सहर्ष राष्ट्र-शत्रु से लड़ने जा रहा था।

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युवक घर से बाहर निकला ही था कि गुलाब की झाड़ी में से एक बालिका निकल आई—गुलाब की ही तरह खिली हुई—एक मुक्त-केशा षोड़शीया।

प्रताप ने घूम कर देखा। उसकी आँखों में आँसू छलछला आये। वह कुछ न बोल सका।

"चुप रहो, यह क्या करते हो, मैं तुम्हें रोकने नहीं आई। जाओ मेरे बोर, जाओ। कायरताप्रदर्शन कर तुम इस पवित्र घड़ी का मूल्य कम न कर दो।"

प्रताप लज्जित सा हो गया। वह आगे बढ़ने लगा। बालिका देखती रही। उसकी आँखों में करुणा, हर्ष, आशा और सन्देह की अंजलि थी। प्रताप अपनी मस्तानी चाल से बढ़ता हुआ चला जा रहा था। उसके सामने विजय खिलखिला कर हँस रही थी। हरे हरे वृक्षों की पंक्ति के बीच वाले पथ पर से निकल वह बालिका की आँखों से ओझल हो गया—न जाने फिर कब मिलने के लिये!

विनोद-विन्दु

एक व्यक्ति ने एक घोड़े के सौदागर से एक घोड़ा खरीदा। दो दिन के पश्चात् वह व्यक्ति सौदागर के पास गया और बोला—‘वह घोड़ा दो कौड़ी का है; उसमें एक भयंकर त्रुटि है।’

सौदागर—वह क्या ?

व्यक्ति—वह जब चलता है तो सिर उठा कर नहीं चलता; सदैव नीचे झुकाये चलता है।

सौदागर—यही तो उसकी विनम्रता है। बड़े लोग कभी सिर उठा कर नहीं चलते।

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एक वकील साहब एक गवाह से जिरह कर रहे थे। और इस बात की चेष्टा कर रहे थे कि वह यह प्रमाणित कर दें कि गवाह का आचार-विचार ठीक नहीं है। उन्होंने गवाह से पूछा :—

‘तुम कभी जेल गये हो ?’

गवाह—‘जी हाँ, दो बार गया हूँ।’

वकील—(प्रसन्न होकर) ‘किस जुर्म में गए थे ?’

गवाह—‘एक वकील सहाब की सजा हुई थी; उन्हीं से मिलने गया था।’

× × × × × ×

एक दिहाती ज़मींदार का लड़का शहर में पढ़ता था। परीक्षा समाप्त होने पर जब घर पहुँचा तो लड़के ने पिता को अपनी परीक्षा का विवरण देना प्रारम्भ किया। वह बोला—भूगोल में कुछ संदेह है; एक सवाल का ठीक उत्तर नहीं दे सका।

पिता—वह कौन सा ?

लड़का—परीक्षक ने पूछा था कि दक्षिण अमेरिका में कितनी और कौन कौन सी नदियाँ हैं। यही मैं नहीं बता सका।

पिता—(आश्चर्यपूर्वक) तुम्हारा बड़ा भाई जब पढ़ता था तब उससे भी यही प्रश्न पूछा गया था। इस बात को दश वर्ष हो गए। बड़े आश्चर्य की बात है कि अभी तक लोगों को यह पता नहीं लगा कि अमेरिका में कितनी नदियाँ हैं।

श्री चन्द्र प्रकाश सिंह (कक्षा ११)

इविंग क्रिश्चियन कालेज, प्रयाग।

“छायावाद और रहस्यवाद”

संसार परिवर्तनशील है। कभी रात्रि है तो कभी दिन। कभी सुख की बारी आती है तो कभी दुःख उग्ररूप धारण करके सब प्राणियों को वशीभूत करता है। कविता कामिनी भी इस प्राकृतिक नियम की उपवाद नहीं हो सकी। उस पर नवनिता की हवा लग ही गई। पुरातन कविता-प्रवाह छायावाद और रहस्यवाद की नवीन उदधि में समावेश कर ही गया।

विशिष्ट भावों को, दार्शनिक कलेवर में, परिपोषित कर विशिष्ट रूप से प्रकट करने का नाम रहस्यवाद है। पर वे भी भाव जब दार्शनिक तत्वों से रिक्त होते हैं तब वे छायावाद कहे जाने के अधिकारी होते हैं। छायावाद और रहस्यवाद में यही एक अन्तर है प्रत्येक रहस्यवादी कविता छायावादी है पर प्रत्येक छायावादी कविता रहस्यवादी होने की अधिकारिणी नहीं है निम्नलिखित लेख उर्ध्व सिद्धान्त का विशद रीति से स्पष्टीकरण करेगा।

कविता भावशौष्ठव प्रधान होनी चाहिए, भाव यह नहीं कि उसमें विवरण नाम मात्र को भी न हो, विवरण वहीं तक अपेक्षित है जहाँ तक वह प्राधान्य न ग्रहण करले, कविता में उसका स्थान गौड़ होता है, इसका स्थान बतौर सहायक के है, न कि उद्देश के रूप में, भावात्मक कविता के बिम्बात्मक (रहस्यात्मक) और छायात्मक दो अंग हैं, इन विशाल-काम शब्दों से घबड़ाने की आवश्यकता नहीं है, जब हमारे हृदय के गूढ़तम प्रदेश में स्थित आन्तरिक भाव इस वाद्य जगत के लिए प्रतिबिम्ब के समान हों, अथवा जब संसार के अनेक सुख दुःख आदि द्वन्द्वों का समूह इच्छानुकूल कल्पना के द्वारा मानसिक भावों, में प्रस्फुटित हो जो एक ऐसी वाटिका है जहाँ सुख दुःख रूपी रंग विरंगे पुष्प खिले हुए हैं—तब उसका उल्लेख बिम्बात्मक कहा जा सकता है, विश्वभ्रम भावन कवि का हृदय उस कमलाकर सा है जिसका जल भावना प्रभञ्जन की झकोरों से हिल्लोरित हो उठा है और आकाश-विहारी, स्थिर, नक्षत्रगण भी नाचते से दिखाई पड़ते हैं, भाव यह कि कवि का हृदय अनुपमता और विचित्रता की सजीव मूर्ति है, वह ईश्वरीय सृष्टि का रहस्य समझने में समर्थ होता है जिनका कि हृदय इन्द्रिय रहते हुए भी अनुभव करने में असमर्थ हैं।

बिम्बात्मक कविताओं से भी विचित्र छायात्मक कविताएँ हैं, इस प्रकार की अलौकिक कविता का पुनीत जन्म स्थान भावुकता की पराकाष्ठा तथा कल्पना की चरम-सीमा है, इसके क्षेत्र के विस्तार में, संकुचित होने की बू की कौन कहे, वह अत्यन्त विसृत है, छायावादी कवि के नास्तिक अथवा आस्तिक होने से उसकी कविता में कुछ भी विकार नहीं आ सकता है, धाममार्गी कवि भी

छायावाद-कविता-कानन में निशंक हो विचरण कर सकता है, पर यह बात रहस्यवादी पर घटित नहीं हो सकती, उसे दार्शनिक तत्वों का अवलम्ब लेना ही पड़ता है, यदि रहस्यवादी स्वेच्छाचार की भावना से प्रेरित हो तत्व ज्ञान का आश्रय त्याग देता है, तब वह सच्चा रहस्यवादी नहीं हो सकता है, ऐसे कवियों को छायावादियों में ही परिगणित होने का सौभाग्य प्राप्त होगा।

संक्षेप में छायावाद और रहस्यवाद में उतना ही अन्तर है जितना दर्पण अथवा मुकुर में प्रतिबिम्बित बिम्ब में, और भगवान् अंशुमालि के प्रकाश में अथवा चन्द्र देव की चारु चन्द्रिका में स्थित किसी व्यक्ति की छाया में होता है।

चन्द्र देव पाठक

द्वादश श्रेणी, कलाविभाग, प्रयाग।

आशा

(लेखक-इयाम सुन्दर लाल)

सूर्य अस्त हो चुके थे परन्तु रात्रि का आगमन नहीं हुआ था मैं कंधे पर कम्बल डालते और हाथ में डंडा लिये चला जा रहा था, हर्ष पूर्वक प्रत्येक अङ्ग फड़क रहा था हृदय में आनन्द की हिलोरें उठ रही थीं पैर अपने आप बेग-पूर्ण उठ रहे थे और मैं प्रसन्नता के आवेग से अन्धा होकर उस पहाड़ी रास्ते पर दौड़ा चला जाता था—केवल आशा में।

पवन के आगमन पर लताओं को लिपटते देखा, फूलों को आपस में मिलते देखा, अधखिली कलियों को पवन से मिलने पर हर्षित होकर नाचते देखा, उस सरिता के स्वच्छ जल को, पूर्ण चन्द्र की शीतल किरणों को चूमते देखा—बस, नशे में चूर होगया समझा, यही स्वर्गीय आनन्द है।

चलते चलते एक ठोकर खाई, मुँह के बल गिर पड़ा, उठ कर पास ही भरे हुये स्वच्छ जल में देखा—मुँह छिल गया था, रुधिर बहने लगा था, और पैर का अँगूठा फट गया था अब चलने की भी सामर्थ्य न रही।

“ हे प्रभो ! अब से नेत्र खोल कर चल्ताँगा—क्षमा करो।

हृदय का भार कम हुआ, आकाश की आर दृष्टि डाली—उमड़ती हुई काली घटाओं को देखा, अपने चारों ओर के अन्धकार और सूनसान को देखा और उस अनन्त आकाश में चन्द्र देव अथवा ध्रुव तारे को, एक भटकते हुये नाविक के समान, खोजने के लिये अपने नेत्र दौड़ाने लगा—परन्तु सब व्यर्थ जीवन

अन्धकारमय प्रतीत होने लगा, मैं तब भी एकटक देखता ही रहा—केवल आशा में।

घटायें एक एक कर आकाश में लोप हो गईं, चन्द्र का शीतल प्रकाश हुआ, हृदय विचारों में झूलने लगा, मैंने डंडा उठाया और फिर चल पड़ा—केवल आशा में,

मार्ग पथरीला हो गया था, परन्तु हिम्मत न हारी, चढ़ता ही गया, प्यास से कंठ सूख गया, चारों ओर दृष्टि दौड़ाई—देखा दूर पर एक निर्मल जल का कुण्ड, पहुँच कर देखा—आह स्वर्गीय सौन्दर्य, मुग्ध हो गया और दौड़ पड़ा, कानों में आवाज़ आई, “कहाँ जाते हो पथिक ?”

“हृदय की प्यास बुझाने।”

“ठहरो, ज़रा मेरी बात सुन लो।”

“नहीं, पीछे सुनूँगा।”

बस दौड़ा चला गया और बीच में कूद पड़ा, मन में आया, खूब पी लूँ, आनन्द पूर्वक विहार करूँ, यह समय बार बार नहीं आता, जल से प्यास ही नहीं बुझाई वरन् आनन्द पूर्वक नहा भी लिया, इसके पश्चात् तृप्ति—नहीं अत्यन्त घृणा हो गई, हृदय रो उठा, आँखों में आँसू छलछला आये, उस सौन्दर्य की दृष्टि भयावनी मालूम पड़ने लगी, मैंने अपना मुख फेर लिया और फिर चल दिया—उत्तर की ओर—केवल आशा में।

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पश्चात्ताप के भार से कमर झुक गई थी, जैसे कोई ८० वर्ष का बूढ़ा हो, डंडे के सहारे ही चल सकता था—अन्यथा नहीं।

चलते २ देखा कि अब दो पथ समाने हैं। मन में सोचता रहा किधर जाऊँ, फिर मैंने एक पथ ग्रहण किया, आवाज़ आई :—“उधर कहाँ जाते हो पथिक इस पथ पर जाओ, हरे भरे “मैदान, उमड़ती हुई सरितायें, निर्मल जल के कुंड में रंझ विरङ्गी मछलियाँ पाओगे—आह पथिक ! उधर अनुपम सौन्दर्य लूटोगे, उधर तो मीलों तक पानी की बूंद नहीं, चारों ओर मरु भूमि पड़ी है।”

मैंने सुना अवश्य, पर ध्यान नहीं दिया, मैं, प्रेम से उन्मत्त पागल की भाँति, अन्धा होकर चला जा रहा था,—केवल आशा में।

पथरीली भूमि छोड़ कर, मैं रेतीली भूमि पर आगया, और शीघ्र ही सुन्दर समतल भूमि पर चलने लगा, चारों ओर सुन्दर लहलहाते मैदान मिले, यह देखकर मैं कुछ ठिठका, सोचने लगा—“क्या किसी दूसरे मार्ग पर आ पड़ा हूँ।”

परन्तु मेरा हृदय आनन्द से परिपूर्ण हो रहा था, आत्मा में शान्ति का साम्राज्य था, समझ गया—यही वास्तविक सौन्दर्य है।

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on
A.

D.
a)

चाँद का प्रकाश चारों ओर फैल रहा था, दूर पर मुझे एक दीर्घ दरवाज़ा दिखलाई पड़ा, आकाश की ओर दृष्टि डाली तो देखा एक काली घटा चाँद को छिपाने के लिये धीरे धीरे बढ़ रही थी। मैं अपने पूर्ण वेग से चलने लगा कहीं अन्धकार न हो जाये और मार्ग भूल जाऊँ।

परन्तु ज़रा देर हो गई, तब भी वहाँ पहुँच ही गया। उस धुंधले प्रकाश में एक मनुष्य को सामने खड़ा देखा, हृदय आप ही आप प्रणाम करने को झुक गया, प्रसन्नता के आवेग से कण्ठ रुक गया, पैर शिथिल हो गये और मैं उन चरणों पर गिर पड़ा—केवल आशा में।

वर्तमान हिन्दी कविता की प्रगति

(गतांक से आगे)

तीसरा धारा छायावाद या रहस्यवाद की है। इस रहस्यवाद की उत्पत्ति के विषय में पं० रामचन्द्र शुक्ल अपने “काव्य में रहस्यवाद” में लिखते हैं—“अपने सुख-सौन्दर्य की भावना को पूर्णता पर पहुँचाने के लिये इस क्षेत्र की ओर पहले पहल दृष्टि करने वाले सूफी थे। उनकी भावुकता इस जगत की ऐसी विचित्र और रमणीय रूप-विभूति को केवल ईश्वर की कृति या रचना मानने से तृप्त न हुई। किसी के बनाये खिलौने का सुन्दरता देख हम चाहे जितने मुग्ध हों; पर हमारा प्रेम उस (बनाने वाले) से दूर-ही रहेगा। इससे सूफियों ने इस प्रत्यक्ष रूप-विभूति को ईश्वर की कृति न कह कर उसकी छाया या प्रतिबिम्ब कहा। ×××××× फिर कल्पना वाद के सहारे अन्यक्त और अज्ञात की सब से अधिक झँकियाँ विलायती रहस्यवाद में ही खोली गईं।” हिन्दी-साहित्य में छायावाद का आगमन निगुर्ण सम्प्रदाय की कविताओं में हुआ। इन पर सूफ़ी मत वालों का प्रभाव स्पष्ट दिखाई देता है। कवीर तथा जायसी की कविताओं में हमें सब से पहले छायावाद का दर्शन मिलता है।

आधुनिक कवियों में सब से प्रथम छायावादी कवि बाबू जयशंकर प्रसाद जी हैं। यद्यपि आप ने थोड़ी ही कविता की है तथापि आप की कविता में विशुद्ध छायावाद पाया जाता है। आप लिखते हैं—

इसी हम को तुम ले लो नाथ,

न लूटो मेरी कोई वस्तु।

उसे दे दो करुणा के हाथ ,
 सभी हो गया तुम्हारा अस्तु ।
 लोग जब रोने लगते हैं ,
 तभी हम हंसने लगते हैं ।

भारतीय अद्वैत वाद को लेकर काव्य क्षेत्र में उतरने वाले सब से प्रमुख छायावादी कवि श्री० सूर्यकान्त त्रिपाठी 'निराला' हैं। रहस्यवाद की व्याख्या करते हुये एक बार आप ने लिखा था "जो बात जिसकी समझ में नहीं आती वह उसके लिये रहस्य है। समझ लेने के बाद फिर कोई रहस्य नहीं रह जाता।" आप की कविता में ऊँचे भावों का अच्छा समावेश रहता है। 'पारस' नामक कविता में आप कहते हैं:—

प्रतिपल तुम ढार रहे सुधा मधुर ज्योति धार ।
 मेरे जीवन पर प्रिय यौवन-वन के बहार ।
 वह वह कुछ कह कह आपस में ,
 रह रह आती हैं रस-वस में ,
 कितनी ही तरुण अरुण किरणे ,
 देख रहा हूँ अज्ञान दूर ज्योति-यान-द्वार ,
 मेरे जीवन पर प्रिय यौवन वन के बहार ॥

यहाँ पर यह कह देना अत्यन्त आवश्यक है कि छायावादी कविगण पिंगल आदि पर ध्यान नहीं देते। उनका कहना है कि मनोवैशेषों के बन्धन में बाँधने से वास्तविकता नहीं रह जाती। लोगों ने इनके छंदों के विस्तार एवं संकोचन को देखकर इनका (छंदों का) नाम 'खर छन्द' 'केचुआ छन्द' तथा 'कंगारू छन्द' रक्खा है। जो कुछ भी हो उन्नत छायावादी कवियों की रचनाओं में सुकुमार कल्पनाओं सुन्दर भावों तथा ऊँचे विचारों का अच्छा सामञ्जस्य रहता है। श्रोयुत सुमित्रानन्दन पंत की कविता में तो सुकुमार कल्पनाओं ऊँचे तथा उद्यत् भावों की लड़िया भरी पड़ी हैं। 'भावी पत्नी के प्रति' आप लिखते हैं—

आज उन्मद मधु-प्रात
 गगन के इन्दीवर से नील ।
 झर रही स्वर्ण मरन्द समान,
 तुम्हारे शयन-शिथिल सरसिज उन्मील ।
 छलकता ज्यों मदिरालस, प्राण

× × × × × ×

मुकुल मधुर्यों का मृदु मधुमास,
स्वर्ण, सुख, श्री, सौरभ का सार ।
मनो भावों का मधुर विलास,
विश्व-सुखमा ही का संसार ।
दृष्टों में छा जाता सोल्लास,
व्योम बाला का शरदाकाश ।
तुम्हारा आता जब प्रिय-ध्यान,
प्रिये प्राणों की प्राण !

अपनी हृत्तंत्री के छेड़ने वाले की जिज्ञासा आप बड़े ही मार्मिक ढंग से करते हैं—

छवि की चपल उंगलियों से छू,
मेरे हृत्तंत्री के तार ।
कौन आज यह मादक अस्फुट,
राग कर रहा है गुज़ार ?

इनके अतिरिक्त पं० मोहन लाल वियोगी तथा प्रो० रामकुमार जो धर्मा के नाम विशेष उल्लेखनीय हैं । वियोगी जी कहते हैं—

दिन हँसता है, हँस ले रजनी हँसने का व्योहार ।
किन्तु, मिला है इन मेघों को आँसू का उपहार ॥
इन्द्र धनुष-सा पाया जग ने रंग विरंगा प्यार ।
धूप-छाँह का नर्तन क्या होता है दिन दो चार ॥
उजड़े मन में लगा हुआ है सपनों का बाज़ार ।
मुट्ठी बाँध यहाँ आना है जाना हाथ पसार ॥
दूसरी ओर 'कुमार' जी कहते हैं—

दूर ! दूर ! मत भरो कान में वह मतवाला राग ।
यही चाहते हो कर लूँ इस जग से अनुराग ?
गिरते हुये फूल से कर लूँ क्या अपना शृंगार ?
करने को कहते हो मुझ से निश्चलशव से प्यार ?
गिन डालूँ कितनी आहों में अपने मन के भाव ॥
पथराई आँखों से देखूँ कैसे विष का स्याव ॥

यद्यपि ये छायावादी कवि बड़ी ऊंची उड़ाने उड़ते हैं तथापि ये साधारण जनता को नहीं भूलते। इनके आशय विशद हैं; इनकी वाणी में तड़प है; उत्तान रुदन है और आत्मा का प्रवाह है। अस्तु; छायावाद, रहस्यवाद, हृदयवाद वस्तुवाद और भी जितने प्रकार के वाद हों उनसे कुछ प्रयोजन नहीं। प्रयोजन है रचयिता की रचना से। यदि कविता के भाव उच्च और मार्जित हैं और वह 'मनुष्य के मर्त्य सम्बंधों में अमर्त्य प्रेम की धारा, बहाती है तो वह कविता है और उसका रचयिता कवि है।

भाषा तथा भावों की क्रान्त के साथ ही गीति काव्य के ढंगों में भी विपर्यय हो गये हैं। महात्मा सुरदास आदि ने 'जयति श्री राधिके सकल सुख साधिके' तथा 'मेरे साँवरे जब मुरली अधर धरी' के गीतों द्वारा भक्त हृदयों को नचा दिया था। समय के फेर से अब भाव, विषय तथा शैली तीनों में नवीनता आ गई है। निराला जी गाते हैं—

अलि, धिर आये घन पावस के।
लख ये काले काले बादल,
नील सिंधु में खिले कमल दल।
हरित ज्योति चपला अति चंचल,
सौरभ के रस के। अलि०

आज कल हिन्दी-कवि-सम्मेलनों की बाढ़ सी आ गई है। ज्यों त्यों करके समस्या पूर्ति करने से वास्तविक कवित्व शक्ति का विकास नहीं होता। कविता हृदय की वस्तु है, आत्मा की कला है (बन्दे महि च तं वाणीममृतात्मनःकलाम्। भवभूति)। पुष्प की भाँति इसका प्रस्फुटन तथा विकास अपने आप होता है कवीन्द्र रवीन्द्र भी कहते हैं कि 'कविता हृदय के सार भूत रस को लेकर स्वतः प्रस्फुटित होती है।' वास्तव में प्रतिभाशाली कवियों की कविता में उनकी प्रतिभा एवं सच्ची अनुभूति अपने आप उद्गार के रूप में निकल पड़ती है। महा-कवि बडसवर्धन ने अपनी कविता के विषय में कहा है।

Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so promoted and regulated my feelings that my description of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be formed to carry along with them a purpose—

इसके विपरीत हमारे कवि सम्मेलनों में विषय तो दर किनार समस्याएँ चीन की दीवाल की भाँति कवि के वास्तविक मनोवेगों एवं कल्पनाओं के मार्ग में खड़ी रहती हैं। इन सम्मेलनों से विनोद भले ही हो; पर सच्चा कवि पैदा करने में इनका कुछ भी हाथ नहीं।

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हिन्दी कविता की वर्तमान प्रगति में काव्य के उस अंग की पुष्टि के लक्षण दृष्टि गोचर नहीं होते जिससे वह अमरता प्राप्त करता है। भाव तथा भाषा की जटिलता के कारण हिन्दी काव्य-सर्व साधारण की सम्पत्ति न हो कर केवल कुछ पठित लोगों के विनोद की सामग्री हो रहा है। भाषा ही की जटिलता को लक्ष्य करके विश्व बंधु महात्मा गांधी ने लिखा है “वही काव्य और वही साहित्य चिरंजीवी होगा जिसे लोग सुगमता से पा सकेंगे; जिसे वे आसानी से पचा सकेंगे”। इसके विपरीत आधुनिक कविता में हृदय की स्वभाविक गति के स्थान पर बाह्य आडम्बर का दौरा दौरा है। साहित्यिक पार्टी-बन्दी भी देखने में आने लगी है। कविता कैसी ही क्यों न हो पर कविगण अपनी पार्टी में बाह बाही पा ही जाते हैं। फिर क्या? तुलसी, सूर, टैगोर सब से टक्कर लेने की उत्कट अभिलाषा अंकुरित हो उठती है। एक स्थान पर पाश्चात्य साहित्य का दिग्दर्शन कराते हुये डिजरायली ने लिखा है—“When in the progress of modern literature, writers aimed to rival the great authors of antiquity, the different styles in their servile imitations clashed together, and parties were formed who fought desperately for the style they chose to adopt.....” हिन्दी साहित्य की भी यही दशा है। दौड़ की होड़ में भिन्न भिन्न सम्प्रदायों अथवा स्कूल की सृष्टि हो गई है।

यद्यपि नाना प्रकार के विपर्यय तथा युगान्तर हुये पर एक भी ऐसे काव्य की रचना न हो सकी जो सूर-तुलसी के ग्रन्थों की आधी भी लोकप्रियता तथा स्थिरता प्राप्त कर सका हो। क्रान्तियों पर क्रान्तियों ने उथल पुथल मचाई पर सूर-तुलसी हिन्दी-साहित्याकाश के वैसे ही चमकीले नक्षत्र हैं जैसे कि वे कभी थे। अथवा यह कहें कि ज्यों ज्यों समय बीतता जा रहा है त्यों त्यों वे और भी शुभ्र होते जा रहे हैं, तो कोई अत्युक्ति न होगी। उनकी अमर कृतियाँ अद्यावधि विशाल मन्दिर-गुम्बजों की भाँति आकाश चुम्बन कर रही हैं।

यद्यपि यह ठीक है कि आधुनिक हिन्दी कवितायें विश्व जनीन नहीं हो रही हैं तथापि उनके रचयिताओं का हमें आभारी होना पड़ेगा। तुलसी, सूर तथा कबीर की लोकोत्तर रचनाओं में उनके पूर्ववर्ती असंख्य भक्त कवियों का प्रबल भक्ति का अविकल परिस्फुटन हुआ था। वर्तमान काल के कवियों ने भी ऐसा वातावरण प्रस्तुत किया है जिसमें किसी न किसी लोकोत्तर प्रतिभा का आलोकित होना अवश्यम्भावी है ॥

जनार्दन प्रसाद शर्मा
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غزل

مرا سر نیاز ترا آستانِ دہ * منزل کے پاس ہی گود کارواں دہ
 جب تک رگوں میں خون کا دورہ رواں دہ * غافل نہ تیرے شکر سے یارب زباں دہ
 جوشِ جنوں دہ ہوسِ اشیائیں دہ * منزل کے ساتھ ساتھ مسافر رواں دہ
 خنجرِ بکف وہ آئیں تامل اہے کس لئے * دل چاہتا ہے معرکہ امتحان دہ
 منظور ہے اُنہیں کششِ دل کا دیکھنا * کھدو یہ بے برق سے کہ پس آشیائیں دہ
 بلبل کی بے خبری میں نہاں تھا بلا کا ہوش * پھولوں سے بوجھتی تھی نشیمن کہاں دہ
 سینہ دہ پھولوں سے گلزار کس طرح * جب خود حبابِ پاس نگاہِ تباں دہ
 دیو و حرم کی فکر تو کرتا ہے کس لئے * مقصد تو یہ ہے زیرِ جبیں آستان دہ
 ترکیبِ صبرِ آپ بگاتے تو ہیں مگر * فرمائے کہ نقشِ تمنا کہاں دہ
 تریا رہی ہے یاد تری دل کو بے طرح * میں کیا کروں کہ رازِ محبت نہاں دہ
 بلبل کو بال و پر کی ہوس ہے عبثِ ظہیر * گل چاہتا ہے یہ کہ غمِ جاوداں دہ

ظہیر الدین احمد قویسی

سکندریہ (آرٹس)

انشائے لطیف کے دو شاہکار نمونے

ترجمہ

سید فرید جعفری منجھای شہری معاون مدیر "یادگار" لاہور

"معدن" — (ٹیکور)

نہیں جو بچہ کی آنکھ میں سا جانی ہے کوئی جانتا ہے کہ یہ کہاں سے آئی
 ہے؟ — ہاں انواہ ہے کہ اس کا مسکن پریوں کی آبادی میں ہے — جنگل کی
 چوچھاٹیں کے جھرمٹ میں جو "جگنو" کی مند مل روشنی سے دھندلا روشن رہتا —
 وہاں جانور کی دو خرمیلی کلیاں لٹکتی ہیں وہیں سے یہ بچہ کی آنکھوں کا بوسہ دینے
 آئی —

مسکراہٹ جو بچہ کے ہونٹوں پر چھپکتی ہے جب وہ سوتا ہے کوئی جانتا ہے
 کہ یہ کہاں پیدا ہوئی تھی؟ ہاں انواہ ہے کہ بڑھتی ہوئی چاندنی کی ایک لہر
 نے خزاں کے رخصت ہوتے ہوئے بادلوں کا ایک کنارہ چھو لیا اور وہاں مسکراہٹ

پہلے پہل پیدا ہوئی - شبینم سے نہای ہوئی ایک صبح کے خواب میں - مسکراہٹ جو بچہ کے ہونٹوں پر چھٹکتی ہے جب وہ سوتا ہے -

شیریں ملائم تازگی جو بچہ کے ہونٹوں پر نمود کر آتی ہے کوئی جانتا ہے کہ اب تک وہ کہاں چھپی تھی؟ - ہاں جبکہ ماں اُتھر دوشیزہ تھی - یہ اس کے دل پر چھائی ہوئی تھی - خاموش محبت کے راز میں - شیریں ملائم تازگی جو بچہ کے ہونٹوں پر نمود کر آئی تھی - (غیر مطبوعہ خاص)

”حاجتمند لڑکی“ - (بینکسن)

شہنشاہ ”کاپہ چوا“ کے حضور حاجتمند لڑکے آئی اس کے ہاتھ سینہ پر تھے وہ اسقدر حسین معلوم ہوتی تھی کہ تکرر سے باہر - وہ ننکے پیو تھی! - شہنشاہ تخت سے اتر پڑا اور اس کے استقبال کے لئے بڑھا - درباریوں نے کہا ”حیوت! کس لئے؟“ وہ روز روشن سے زیادہ حسین ہے -

جسطرح چاند گہرے بادلوں سے ضیاء پاشی کرتا ہے وہ چہرے ملبوس سے نور انکبی کر رہی تھی - ایک نے اس کے سدول بازوؤں کی تعریف کی دوسرے نے شرابی آنکھوں کی تیسرے نے سیاہ زلفوں کی اور کسی نے اُپدے ہوئے سینہ کی - ایسا ملیح چہرہ ایسا فرشتوں کا ساوقار اس ملک میں کیسی نہیں دیکھا گیا تھا - ”کاپہ چوا“ نے شاہی قسم کھائی کہ یہ حسین فقیرنی مہری ملکہ ہو گئی (غیر مطبوعہ خاص)

”نیرنگیء عالم“

بنام ان کہ نامش حرز جانہاست

نڈایش جوہر تیغ رنہا است

دنیا ایک سرائے فانی ہے * سب چیز یہاں کی آئی جانی ہے

زمانہ کی کی بو قلمونی اور رنگینی کا کیا کہنا - چند روز پیشتر جہاں کی رنگینیاں دلچسپیاں گوناگوں بو قلمونیاں ہو ناظر متوسم کیلئے جاذب نظر تھیں - آج وہاں ہر طرف جمود و سکون کی کیفیت مسلط ہے - جس بزم نشاط کی ولولہ کا ریاں کل تک ہنکامہ برپا کر رہی تھیں - آج وہاں اس صحبت دوشیزہ کی چند یادگاروں کے سوا اور کچھ نظر نہیں آتا -

داغ فراق صحبت شب کی جلی ہوئی

ایک نغمہ رھئی ہے سو وہ بھی خاموش ہے

حسن جو کہ طلسم خیز تھا جو تمام چیزوں کو مسکور کر لیتا تھا اور مسکور سامری کوڑک دیتا تھا - اے آفتابی رہا ہتھی حسن! تیرے ملعات نو سے انسان کا

دل مستخر ہو جاتا ہے - تیری صرف ایک رعنائی پتہ ہزاروں جانیں تلف ہو جاتی ہیں - تیرے نازک گہوارے کی باد خنک سے انسان ہمیشہ شاداں و خوہں و خرم ہو جاتا ہے - تیری جانفوسا جھلک دل میں بجلی ترپا دیتی ہے - تیری رعنائیوں اور ناز آرائیوں نے ہزاروں سے خاک چھن وا دی - تیری پرکیف لطافت نے ہزاروں دل کی بستی لوٹ لی اور عشوت کور کو ماتم سرا میں تبدیل کر دیا - جب حزن و ملال انسان کے دل میں مکین ہو جاتا ہے - جب رنج و غم کا اسپر پہاڑ ٹوٹ جاتا ہے تو وہ آکر تیرے ہی سایہ میں دم لیتا ہے - تیرے ہی شاخوں کے نازک پھول اسکے دماغ کو تو و تازگی بخشے ہیں - لیکن کیا اے حسن توانی نہیں؟ لیکن کیا تیری شوخی بجلی کی چمک کے برابر نہیں - کیا تیری دابستکیاں ایک تھمتائے ہوئے چراغ سے زیادہ نہیں - مصوع

چار دن کی چاندنی پھر تو اندھیری رات ہے

غرضیہ دنیا کی تمام چیزیں فانی ہو چکے یہاں کی آنی جانی ہر خوشی پہلو غم جلوت خلوت سے بدتر تھیں کی زیبائش و آرائش سب لغو اور فضول ہے - ہمارے سرور چھونکوں کے مانند ہے جس سے آدمی تھوڑی دیر کے واسطے متلذذ ہو جاتا ہے اور پھر حرمان و بدنصیبی میں اسکی خوشی مبدل ہو جاتی ہے - موسم بہار میں جو درخت سبز درختی پہنے ہوئے تھے - نزاکت سے جھومتے تھے - اور لوگوں کو گرویدہ کر لیتے تھے - طیور نغمہ سخی کرتے تھے اور اپنے نکل داؤدی سے درخت کی دلکشی میں چار چاند لٹا دیتے تھے - موسم خزاں کے باد سموم کے تھپڑوں سے نہ وہ رنگ و روپ رہا نہ وہ پرہلی سی چہل پہل - صاحب باطل نیکو نکال سکتا ہے کہ دنیا اسقالت و پائنداری کی جگہ نہیں -

اچ جو دوست خوشی و مسرت کی فراوانی سے بیٹھے ہوتے دلکش اور میٹھی میٹھی باتیں کر رہے ہیں - انکا دماغ تر و تازہ اور خوش ہے - ظرافت کا نمکدان کھلا ہوا ہے - شیر و شکر جاری ہے - خوش کن الفاظ کا دریا رواں ہے - طبعیتیں شاداں و خوش ہیں - لیکن یہ تمام محفل اور خوشیاں زمانہ کے نظر ہونے والی ہیں اور یہ سب باغ و بہار صفحہ ہستی سے یقلم جانے والی ہیں - یہ شباب امنگ اور پایاں مستی خاک میں ملجائتی - دتیا گلاب کی خوشبو کے مانند ہے جو کہ فنا ہونے والی ہے -

لہذا انسان کا اولین فرض یہ ہے کہ توشہ آخرت کو بہم کرے و کہ ایک گنجینہ زاینده و باینده ہے - جسکا چمن خزاں کی لہروں سے محفوظ ہے -

علی ضامن عثمانی

متعلم سکند ایو (آرٹس)

* جان بچی لاکھوں پائے *

Ghulam Haqqani Khan—2nd Year Arts.

رات کو جبکہ کائنات کا ذرہ ذرہ سو رہا تھا - ہر شے پر خاموشی طاری تھی -
طلحور سو گئے تھے عروس مشرق پر درۂ شب کے پتھچھے جلوہ افروز ہوئی اور ستاروں
کی فوج ماہتاب کے زیر قیادت پہرہ پر ہوئی - شاہدائے ستم کیش خواب نوشی کے
مڑے لیٹے لگے - عاشقان وفا پیشہ دن بھر کی آہ و زاری کے بعد ایک پل کے لئے
خاموش ہو گئے - چاند کے نازک مکھڑے پر تبسم رقصاں تھا - سندس کی ہر لہر کے
مد و جزر میں ایک ترنم پیدا تھا - ستارے مسکرا رہے تھے فضا بے بسط میں یکسر
سکون تھا اسوقت میں یعنی یہہ خاکسار بذات اپنی چارپائی پر
لیٹا کروٹیں بدل رہا تھا - اسلئے نہیں کہ کسی کا درد فراق ستا رہا تھا - شب
ہجر کالی ناگن بن کر متاع دل کو دس رہی تھی - خیال یار کلیجہ مسوس رہا
تھا - امتحان کا خوف تھا یا مچھر کٹ رہے تھے - بلکہ اسلئے اور صرف اسلئے کہ
کس طرح سویرا ہو اور ہم شکار کھیلنے جائیں -

تھوڑی دیر کے بعد سارے سامان سے ایس ہو کر انجانب اور میزے لنگوٹیا پار
مہان نذیر جسرا جانے والی گاڑی پر جو الہ آباد سے ایک اسٹیشن آگے ہے جا دھمکے -
گارز نے سریلی آواز میں مزاج پرسی کی انجن نے تنک کر جواب دیا اور ایک
ہی تھوک میں چل پڑا گاڑی دھواں دھار لڑکتی چلی جا رہی تھی - کچھ دیر
کے بعد کیا دیکھتا ہوں کہ گاڑی ایک بھیک کھڑی ہو گئی - درپچہ سے سر نکال کر
دیکھا تو معلوم ہوا - یہاں وزیر تو پلیٹ فارم پر موجود ہیں اور گاڑی جسرا اسٹیشن
پر آ پہونچتی - بندہ تراق تراق بغل میں جھولا سنبھال رائٹل ہاتھ مہن لے پلیٹ
فارم پر کود پڑا - اسٹیشن کے پھاٹک کے باہر نکل کر سیدھا داک بنکٹ کی طرف
روانہ ہوا -

پانی کافی برس چکا تھا اور ابھی بند نہیں ہوا تھا - ہاتھ میں چھڑی تھی
اور اسی روز ہمنے نہایت صاف صاف دودھ ایسے کپڑے بدلے تھے - چھٹیں پر جانے
کے خیال سے پائینچے اوجا پر چڑھا لئے تھے - اتفاق کی بات وہ قطعہ زمین بد قسمتی
سے منتظمین شہر کی نظر مزاحمت کی مرہون منت نہیں ہوئی تھی - اور اسکی
خستہ حالی اس سے ظاہر ہو رہی تھی کہ جتنا پانی برسنا تھا وہ اسی جگہ جمع
ہو کر ایک تلیا کی شکل میں جلوہ فگن ہو گیا تھا - سامنے سے ایک صاحب بہادر
زادے ہائیسکل پر آ رہے تھے - میں ایک طرف کھڑا ہو گیا کہ سائیکل سے چھٹیں
آ کر کپڑوں پر نہ پڑیں - مگر انکی ادا ملاحظہ فرمائیے کہ مجھے دیکھتے ہی سائیکل
اور تیز کر دی اور حالانکہ وہ ہمسے کئی گز کی دُری پر سے نکل سکتے تھے - جہاں
پانی بھی کم تھا مگر اُسکو کیا کیا جائے کہ وہ گذرے تو اتنے ہی فاصلے سے جتنا اس شاعر

اور احمق کے درمیان تھا جسکا لطیفہ آپ لوگوں نے سنا ہوگا - نتیجہ جو ہوا وہ
اظہار ہے صاحب زادے کا مقصد پورا ہو گیا ہمارے کہتے خراب ہو گئے - وہ تو
"I am sorry" کہتے چل کھڑے ہوئے اور ہم یہی اُنکو دعائیں دیتے ہوئے آگے
بڑھے - خیر تو ہنسنے بنگلے پر پہونچکر کہتے بدلے وقت یہی کافی گذر چکا تھا -
جنگل تو کچھ دور تھا نہیں بدشکل پانچ منٹ کا راستہ ہوگا -

جنگل کھڑے کو تھا اچھی خاصی پھول بیاباں ایک ایک راستے سے پچاس
پچاس راستے نکل گئے تھے اور اسی قدر انکی شاخیں بھی تھیں - معلوم ہوتا تھا کہ
نیویارک جنگل کی لائینیں ہیں - سر پر درختوں کا چھتو دونوں جانب درختوں
کی تنگی کا پیچ و خم اس درجہ کہ زلف پر خم بھی شرما جائے اور لطف یہ کہ
خدا کی سیدھی سادی مسطح زمیں پر میلوں نکل گئے مگر تھوڑے کو جو دیکھتے ہیں
تو معلوم ہوتا ہے کہ وہیں کے وہیں ہیں - نہ راستے میں کسی قسم کی تبدیلی - نہ
آس پاس کے درختوں کی روئیدگی میں کسی قسم کا فرق - نہ درختوں کی تعداد
میں کمی - 'یا الہی یہہ ماجرا کیا ہے' ہزاروں جنگل دیکھ لاکھوں بن چہاں مارے
مگر کوئی ایسا گنجان نہ تھا - ہر جگہ جہازی ہی جہاز - خدا کی شان - دن
کا وقت اور وہ اندھیرا گھپ کہ معاذ اللہ - معلوم ہوتا تھا کہ لیور پول کے قتل میں
سفر کر رہا ہوں - ایک پست قد درخت کے سایہ میں کھڑا ہو کر سوچنے لگا -
نہایت انسوس ہوا کہ مفت امیں تعطیل کا خوں کیا - یہاں اور شکار و خداساز
یات ہے، نام کو ایک خرگوش بھی دکھائی نہیں دیتا اور شکار کیا معنی یہہ شکارگاہ
سا ہے کویہ درخت گاہ یا راستہ گاہ ہے - غریب جانور یہاں رہے تو کہاں رہے - نہ کھوہ نہ
غار - بڑے جانور درخت پر رہنے سے رہے بس مفت میں محنت رائگاں گئی پھینچ
ہی ہزار نعمت پائی اب بدول کر بھی ادھر کا رخ نہ کرونگا - آپ تو جانتے ہی ہیں
پرمانتا بڑا دیالو ہے ہر منٹ کے اچھا کو کسی نہ کسی اُپدیش سے پورا کر ہی دیتا
ہے - ابھی سوچ ہی رہا تھا کہ سامنے ایک زبردست سور نظر آیا - دیکھتے ہی منہ
میں پانی بھو آیا - کہا خیر بڑا شکار نہیں تو چھوٹا ہی سہی - رہے آج مور بھی
کا استو - رائفل اُٹھا نشانہ درست کرنے لگا - تھیک سے لیٹتی ہو ابھی انکلی بھی نہیں
پڑی تھی کہ ایک جانب سے ایک چیتے صاحب نے چھلانگ ماری اور میٹرا لقمہ
لیکر چلتے بنے - چڑیا گھر میں دیکھا تھا - بارہا سرکس میں بھی کھلا اور بند پایا
تھا مگر کبھی مد مقابل کھڑے کو دیکھا تھا - بھاوی بھوکم جانور چاروں ہاتھ پیرو سے
سدول - تین ہنسبھری کا سر - آتین تین انچ نیلے دانت - آہنی پتجہ خدا ہی

حافظ - لکے نگہ بند کر کے سورہ فاتحہ دہرائے - اندھیرے میں کچھ تو سوچھی نہیں درخت تنول کو چوٹی پر چڑھا گیا - چھتے کو اس سے کیا غرض کہ میں کسی حالت میں ہوں وہ تو اپنا شکار لے جنگل کو سدھارا - بیل کا خاردار درخت - بدحواسی میں چڑھنے کو تو چڑھا گیا مگر اب اتروں تو کس طرح غور ہی کر رہا تھا کہ ایک طرف سے مستاندار ایک بھالو صاحب نکلے - ایک بڑے فلاسفر کی طرح سر جھکائے آہستہ آہستہ قدم اٹھائے چلے آ رہے ہیں - درخت کے نیچے پھونچ کر تھکے اور اپنے سر کو اوپر کی جانب اٹھایا - اینجانب کے بدن میں گھڑوں خون خشک ہو گیا - بیل کے خاردار درخت میں چپک کر لپٹ گیا اور نیم باز آنکھوں سے دیکھنے لگا - یقین ہو گیا کہ آج میری زندگی کا آخر دن ہے - ایک مصیبت سے تو جان بچھی یہ نئی آفت کبھی آئی - ظالم کی ستم ظریفی ملاحظہ ہو - پہلے تو اپنے دونوں پچلے پناحوں کے سہارے سجدھا تن کو کھڑا ہو گیا - پھر نزاکت سے خاخ جھکا کر بیل توڑا اور بیتکر کاٹنے لگا - اس کمبخت کو کھانے کی سوچھی تھی اور یہاں جان پر آ بنی تھی - وہ تو بیل چکے رہا تھا اور یہاں - ' جل تو آئی بلا کو قال تو ' کا کلمہ ورد زبان تھا - اینجانب تو بھالو کے دند پر نظر جمائے تھا کہ یکایک ادھر سے ایک سیاح بیرونے نے آکر ناک پر دنگ مارا - جی میں تو آتا کہ پوری ناک اُکھیر کر پھینک دوں - مگر مجبور ایسی ہلکی پھلکی ناک تو تھی نہیں کہ ذرا میں کھسک جاتی - ابھی ایک حضرت کا قلمع قلمع کو ہی رہا تھا کہ چشم زدن میں ایک - دو - تین بیرونوں نے آکر خبری شروع کی - اس بدحواسی میں شاخ ہاتھ سے گئی چھوٹ اور ہم منہ کے بل پیر کے سہارے لٹک گئے - اب صرف پیر و شاخ میں انکے تھے اور ہم بڑے کتھل کی طرح الٹے لٹکے رہے تھے .. اتنا لکھیم و شکیم جاندار پھل یک بیک لٹکا دیکھ کر مستور بھالو بھی للچائے اور لکے درخت پر چڑھنے - بندہ مارے خوف کے کانپ اٹھا - بدحواس ہو گیا - رائفل ہاتھ سے چھوٹ گئی - درخت کے نیچے دسری جانب ایک غار تھا چو شاید پندرہ فیت سے کم گہرا نہ ہوگا - اس غار میں پتھر کا ایک نوکیلا کھڑا پڑا ہوا تھا - مجھے یقین تھا کہ اگر آسنے مجھے دھر لیا تو پھر خیر نہیں - بسم اللہ پڑھ کر گڑھے میں لوٹک گیا - سطح زمیں پر آنے سے پہلے چوٹ کی شدت کو خیال کر کے سر تھام لیا اور آنکھیں بند کر لیں - زمیں پر پھونچنے کے ساتھ ہی معلوم ہوا کہ سر میں سخت چوٹ آئی ہے..... آنکھ کھلی تو کیا دیکھتا ہوں کہ خاکسار چارپائی کے نیچے پڑا ہوا ہے - لیمپ کی چمکی چور چور ہو

گئی ہے - چھوٹا استول جسیرو لیسپ رکھا تھا - الگ اوندھا پڑ رہے اور وہاں مرغے صبح کی آمد کا پہنچام دے رہے ہیں.....لاحول ولاقوة -
 و خواب تھا جو کچھ کہ دیکھا جو سنا افسانہ تھا ،
 مجھے بھالو سے بچ جانے کی اتنی خروشی نہیں ہوئی جتنی کہ اس بات سے
 کہ کسی نے مجھے اس زبوں حالی میں نہیں دیکھا ورنہ بڑی خفت ہوتی -

جقانی

” ایک غریب کا دل “

(معصہ)

میں بسا اوقات شعراء کے کلام ، لوگوں کے آہ و نالے ، اور بڑے بڑے مصیبت زدوں کی زبان سے بے چارے آسمان کو صلواتیں سنانے سنا کرتا تھا - اکثر انلوگوں کے زبانی یہہ بھی سنا کرتا تھا کہ اُنکے عیش و عشرت پر حسد کرتا ہے اور بہت جلد ایسی چال چلتا ہے کہ عشرت کدہ کو ماتم سرا سے تبدیل کر دیتا ہے - میں اکثر تنہائی کے گھڑیوں میں انہیں خیالات غیب غلطی و پیچاں رہا کرتا کہ آخر ہر کس و ناکس کا غریب آسمان کو اپنا جانی دشمن قرا دینا کہاں تک درست ہے - لیکن افسوس کہ میری قوت متخیلہ اُس حد تک نہ پہنچ سکی جہاں اُسے کامیابی کا شرف حاصل ہوتا - مگر جویندہ یابندہ خدا نے میرے فرست ابر کے دوران میں ایک ایسا واقعہ درپیش کیا کہ جس سے اپنے مقصد کی تکمیل اور مطلب کی تکمیل میں کوئی وقت نہ رہی - ایک مرتبہ مجھے دیہات جانے کا اتفاق ہوا - یہہ اپنی نوعیت کا پہلا سفر تھا - اگر آپکے سامنے اُسکا نقشہ پیش کروں تو یقیناً آپ کہیں گے کہ یہہ کسی نئی دنیا کا نقشہ ہے جسکی وجہ یہہ ہے کہ ہمارے یہائی (طلباء) شہر کے باہر (خصوصاً ایسے مقامات کو جو شہر سے بہت دور ہیں اور جہاں کہ ابھی نئی روشنی کی کرنیں نہیں پہنچ سکی ہیں) جانا اپنی توہیں سمجھتے ہیں - راستے اس قدر تنگ و تاریک تھے کہ اگر کسی کا دشمن اُدھر سے آتا ہو اور یہہ چاہے کہ میں ذرا داہنے بائیں ہو کر نکل جاؤں تو اُسکو یہہ موقع ملنا کارے دارد کا مقصود تھا - نجاست و غلاظت کا یہہ حال کہ اگر آپکے پاس لوندر کی کئی شیشیاں مسلم موجود ہوں جب بھی آپکا دماغ صحیح نہیں رہ سکتا - مکانوں کی یہہ کیفیت کہ اگر کوئی بولا بیٹکا مسافر مگر نازک مزاج پہنچ جائے تو کسی طرح رات بسر نہیں کر سکتا - غرضکہ وہ

جگہ کیا تھی ایک حیرت کدہ تھی جہاں مجھکو قدم قدم پر خدا یاد آتا تھا - مگر آپ جانتے ہیں کہ مٹی ہی سے سونا پیدا ہوتا ہے خار کے ساتھ گل ہوتا ہے - مجھے اس دیار میں ایک حیرت انگیز نسخہ دستیاب ہو گیا جسکی تلاش مدت سے تھی کیونکہ میرے ایک دوست کو سپہ یاگ نے دس لیا تھا اور جسکی وجہ سے دنیا اُنکے حق میں رشک جہنم ہو رہی تھی - اب کیا تھا مجھکو مسیح الزماں ہونیکا مغالطہ ہو گیا اور یہہ سمجھنے لگا کہ اب لوگ میرے آستانے پر اپنی پیشانی رگڑنا باعث فخر و عزت خیال کریں گے - مگر مگر میری بد بختی دیکھئے کہ یہہ خوشی دیرپانہ ثابت ہوئی - جب میں نے اِس دوا کا استعمال بیچارے بیمار.....ہاں ہاں بیمار مگر کیسا بیمار.....پر جو کیا تو بجائے فائدے کے مرض بڑھتا گیا جوں جوں دوا کی - اور اُس غریب دل کی زندگی اجیرن ہو گئی - بقول شخصے غرور کا سر نیچا - میرا سارا غرور خاک میں مل گیا - جی چاہتا تھا کہ خدا پاک سے اپنی کامیابی کے لئے دعا کروں لیکن انسوس کس خدا کے سامنے...وہی خدا جسکا شکر بھی نسخہ ملنے کے بعد پوچھے منہ سے کیا تھا اور اپنی کامیابی کو اپنی محنت پر محمول کیا تھا - آج اُسی کے سامنے سر نیاز خم کرنیکی ضرورت پڑی - میری تو خیر یہی حالت تھی کہ خود پر لاکھوں بار لعنت بھیجتا لیکن مریض (جسے مدت کے بعد اُمید کی ذرا سی جھلک نظر آئی تھی) کی حالت دیکھو طبیعت اور بھی دگر گون ہو جاتی - اُسکی پریشانی کا سبب خود کو خیال کرتا اور بار بار یہہ شعر پڑھتا :-

اِس آیا نہ اُسے درد... کا علاج - اور بیمار کیا میری مسیحائی نے
اب میں نے یہہ عہد کر لیا کہ جہاں تک ممکن ہوگا اُسکی صحت یابی کے لئے کوشش کروں - اِس کوشش کا نتیجہ یہہ نکلا کہ بڑے بڑے ماہرین طب بفل جھانکنے لگے - کسی سے کچھہ کرتے دھرتے نہ بنا - آخرش مجبور ہو کر ایک مرحوم ماہرین طب کی روحوںکو جمع کیا لیکن انسوس کہ یہہ یہی نہ معلوم کس زبان میں بولتے کہ ایک حرف سجدہ میں نہ آتا - اب آپ ہی تہذیب دل سے انصاف کیجئے کہ صلوٰتیں سننے کا زیادہ مستحق کون ہے ؟ آسمان یا کالا ناگ جو بنی آدم کو ایسا دستا ہے کہ بیچارہ اندر ہی اندر گھل کر اپنے عزیز جان کو اُس پروردگار بے نیاز کے سپرد کر دیتا ہے کسی نے خوب کہا ہے :-

کچھہ کہہ تو گیا بوق غضب نے جسے لوٹا - اُف کر نہ سکا جسکو سپہ ناگ نے کاٹا

محمّد فضل الرحمن
متعلم سکونت ابو اڑتس

مرتبہ

اے مرے دلہی تمنا اے نشاط زندگی
 پھونکدی تھی تو نے روح انبساط زندگی
 تیرے دم سے تھا جہانمیں ارتباط زندگی
 ایتو ہے دشوار اے ہمدم صراط زندگی
 پھر گیا کیوں مجھسے تو اے رھرو راہ وفا
 اس دل خود رفتہ سے آخر ہوئی تھی کیا خطا

چلایا تو اس جہاں سے مجھکو تنہا چہرہ کو
 مونس و غمخوار اب آنا نہیں کوئی نظر
 کو دیا تو نے اکیلا مجھکو دنیا میں مگر
 یہہ بتا دے ابھونگا کس سے میں درد جگر
 جب تری صورت نہیں تو چین آئے کس طرح
 دل کو جب راحت نہیں تو چین آئے کس طرح

اس جہانکے رنج و غم سے تجھکو ہیں آزادیاں
 پر مرے دل کے لئے ہیں پھر وہی پابندیاں
 اکطرف مایوسیاں ہیں اک طرف تنہائیاں
 ہنس رہی ہیں میڑی قسمتیں مری بے یاریاں
 چلایا کیوں؟ زندگی کے تو مزے پائے نہ تھے
 تیرے اس دنیا سے چلنے کے دل آئے نہ تھے

ہائے اک اخلاق کی تصویر غائب ہو گئی
 حسن کے جلووں اک تنویر غائب ہو گئی
 جذبہ پر شوق کی تاثیر غائب ہو گئی
 ہائے خواب عشق کی تعبیر غائب ہو گئی
 کون ہوگا مونس شام غریباں ہائے ہائے
 اُٹھ گیا جب دل کے کائنات کا لیہماں ہائے ہائے

ہائے مرے درد دل کی اب دوا لائیکا کون
کنجِ فرقت میں جو گہراؤنکا بھلائیکا کون
سبز باغِ حسنِ مرے دلکو دکھلائیکا کون
ہائے اب شرحِ حدیثا درد سمجھائیکا کون
ساکنِ شہرِ خموشاں مست کو مت بھولنا
بہرِ بھی تم سے ماسکے ایسی دعائیں مانگنا

انصار حسین مست گنہواری
فرستِ ایرِ سائنس

امید کی خوشی

اے میری امید تو میرے فانوسِ دل کی شمع اور میرے تاریک گھر کا اُجالا
ہے - تو جس منزل پر اترتی ہے اپنے ساتھ مسرتوں کا لشکر لئے ہوئے
اترتی ہے اور جہاں تو قیروا ڈالتی ہے وہاں خوشیوں کا ایک جگمگت تیرے
ساتھ ساتھ نظر آتا ہے - تیرا خطا و خال اور تیرا حسین چہرہ حوروں کے
چہرہ سے زیادہ با جمال ہے - سیرِ چمن اور گل گشتِ گلزار سے زیادہ فرحت
افزا اور دل آویز ہے - دل کی کلی تیری موهنی صورت دیکھ کر کھل
جاتی ہے اور کامیابی کا ہوا پیرا باغِ نظر ہو جاتا ہے - وہ مشکلیں اچو
دامنِ صحرَا سے زیادہ دراز اور مشکل معلوم ہوتی ہیں تو انکو ایک آن
واحد میں طے کر ڈالتی ہے ناکامیوں میں تیرا ہی سہارے دل ڈھونڈ جاتا
ہے اور تیرے دست و بازو بیٹھے ہوئے دلکو سہارا دیکر اٹھاتے اور کارزارِ دنیا
میں بہادر سپاہی بناتے ہیں - تو جنگِ حیات میں وہ کام دیتی ہے جو
کوپ کی بڑی بڑی توپیں اور بم کے پھٹنے والے گولے نہیں دیسکتے تو کامیابیوں
کی کنجی اور فتح و ظفر کی کلید ہے - مسافرت اور غربت میں ارفیق
بارقا اور مونسِ غمگسار ہے جدائی میں محبوبِ دلدار اور فراق میں مونس
غمگسار طوفانِ خیزِ سمندروں میں کشتیِ نجات اور بادِ مخالف کے تھپیڑوں
میں ناخدا ہے - شامِ غربت کو تو ہی صبحِ مسرت سے بدلتی ہے اور زخمی

دلوں پر کانور وصال کا پہایا چڑھاتی ہے - تیری ہر ادا نشاط افزا اور تیرا ہر ترانہ دل کو مسرور کرنے والا - تو جس دل میں ہے وہ دل زندہ اور جہاں تو نہیں وہ دل مردہ ہے - تیرے لب لب عیش اور تیری آواز قم بہ اذن اللہ ہے - تیرے عذری گیسو کے لٹلے مردہ دلوں کو ہوش میں لاتے اور تیری مدد پیری آنکھوں اور نشیلی آنکھوں کے اشارے دنیا میں وہ کر سکتے ہیں جو لب عیسیٰ سے بھی ممکن نہ تھا - تو ہی فراق یوسف میں پھر کنعان کے دلکی تھار میں تھی اور تو ہی زندان خانہ میں یوسف کے غمزدہ دلکی بھلانے والی تھی - تو وہ محبوب ہے جسکے زلیخا اور یوسف دونوں عاشق وہ معشوق ہے جسکے عاشق و معشوق دونوں شیدا سبطوح ایک خراباتی تیرے کہنے سے غفور اور رحیم زبان پر جاری کوتا ہے اسبطوح ایک زاہد خشک دنیا کی لذتیں چھوڑ کر یاد الہی میں تیرے ہیں شوق ڈالنے سے معور رہتا ہے - سچ تو یوں ہے کہ جب سے تو میرے دل میں مہمان ہوئی ہے - کلیجہ سینہ میں بالوسوں اچھل رہا ہے - دل جوش مسرت سے بانگ بانگ ہے اسکی مذہب بند کلیاں آپ سے آپ ہنسے دیتی ہیں - نہیں معلوم کونسی شواب تو نے اس دل کو پلا دی ہے کہ جسکا نہ خمار اترتا اور نہ نشہ جاتا ہے تو نے وہ ہمت پیدا کر دی ہے کہ جتنی کریاں تھیں سب موم ہو گئیں وہ دل جو ماتمکہ رہا کرتا تھا وہاں ساز چیرے ہوئے ہیں - زیر و بم کی آوازیں ہیں الپنے کے صدائیں ہیں - جس اُجڑی ہوئی منزل میں مابوس کا آلو بولا کرتا تھا اور نکیت اور پریشانی کی مکتیاں جالا تلتی دھتی تھیں وہاں تیرے فیض قدم نے چہل پہل کو دیا - سچ تو یوں ہے کہ دیر و حرم تیرے ہر سہارے آباد ہیں - زاہد کے گلے میں حوروں کی زلفوں کا پھندا تو نے ہی ڈالا اور آئندہ جنم میں صلہ پانے کا شوق اور مکتی کی تنہا برہمن کے دل میں تو نے ہی پیدا کی - اے اُمید تو جگ جگ جئے اور تیری مسکرت دلوں پر روز بڑھے - آمین

ہاشم علیخان ہاشم فرست ایر سائنس

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* عاشق کی عید *

از سید آل محمد مہر جائسی - اولد استوڈنت کرسچین کالج الہ آباد

عید ہے اور اس حسین کے گھر پہ جانا منع ہے
 مہر کیا کہئے کہ حال دل سنا منع ہے
 الہ الہ مجھے یہہ بیگانگی انفا - حجاب
 عید آئی اور انہیں جلوہ دکھانا منع ہے
 گر دکھایا جلوہ رخ بھی تو اس انداز سے
 میں جو عشق کیا کروں انکو اٹھانا منع ہے
 گر اٹھایا بھی تو دامن کی ہوا دیتے نہیں
 عوش کیا آئے انہیں شانہ ہلانا منع ہے
 گر ہلایا بھی مرا شانہ تو مجھے میں دم کہاں
 کس طرح روئیں کہ انکو غل مچانا منع ہے
 چشم بھر آئی تو آنسو پوچھ کر چاہا اٹھیں
 پر اٹھیں کیوں کر مرا لاشہ اٹھانا منع ہے
 گر اٹھایا بھی مرا لاشہ تو رستے سے گئے
 کیا کریں میری لحد تک انکو جانا منع ہے
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 گر بہائے اشک حسرت بھی تو فرط رنج سے
 اب انہیں سر اپنے زانو سے اٹھانا منع ہے
 گر اٹھایا سر کو زانو سے تو غش آئے لگا
 جائیں گے کیونکر قدم انکو اٹھانا منع ہے
 گر وہ اپنے گدو گئے بھی تو کہاں دم پھر قرار
 اور اگر آئیں سر مرقد تو آنا منع ہے
 گر مری تربت پر آئے بھی تو چھپ کر رات میں
 پر مجھے کیا جب چراغ انکو جلانا منع ہے
 گر جلایا بھی چراغ آخر تو جل کر بجھ گیا
 مہر اسی سے داغ الفت دلہہ کھانا منع ہے
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